OCTOBER 1962

Commentary

"SHIP OF FOOLS" & THE CRITICS

by Theodore Solotaroff

AM I A TRAITOR?: Albert Memmi

THE SCARCITY MAKERS: David T. Bazelon

NEO-FREUDIANISM & ERICH FROMM: Edgar Z. Friedenberg

WHAT THE RUSSIANS MEAN: Robert V. Daniels

THREE GENERATIONS—A MEMOIR: Shlomo Bickel

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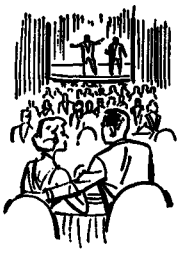

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"SHIP OF FOOLS" & THE CRITICS

THEODORE SOLOTAROFF

WHATEVER THE problems were that kept Katherine Anne Porter's *Ship of Fools** from appearing during the past twenty years, it has been leading a charmed life ever since it was published late last March. In virtually a single voice, a little cracked and breathless with excitement, the reviewers announced that Miss Porter's long-awaited first novel was a "triumph," a "masterpiece," a "work of genius . . . a momentous work of fiction," "a phenomenal, rich, and delectable book," a "literary event of the highest magnitude." Whether it was Mark Schorer in the *New York Times Book Review* delivering a lecture, both learned and lyrical, on the source, sensibility, and stature of the novel ("Call it . . . the *Middlemarch* of a later day"), or a daily reviewer for the San Francisco *Call Bulletin* confessing that "not once [had] he started a review with so much admiration for its author, with such critical impotence"—in the end it came to the same thing.

Riding the crest of this wave of acclaim, *Ship of Fools* made its way to the top of the best-seller lists in record time and it is still there as I write in mid-September. During these four months, it has encountered virtually as little opposition in taking its place among the classics of literature as it did in taking and holding its place on the best-seller lists. A few critics like Robert Drake in the *National Review*, Stanley Kauffmann in the *New Republic*, Granville Hicks in the *Saturday Review*, and Howard Moss in the *New Yorker*, wound up by saying that *Ship of Fools* fell somewhat short of greatness, but only after taking the book's claim to greatness with respectful seriousness. Some of the solid citizens among the reviewers, like John K. Hutchens, found the novel to be dull and said so. Here and there, mainly in the hinterlands, a handful of independent spirits such as Marie Louise Aswell suspected that the book was a failure. But who was listening?

Prominent among the circumstances which have helped to make a run-away best seller and a *succès d'estime* out of this massive, unexciting, and saturnine novel was the aura of interest, partly sentimental and partly deserved, that Miss Porter's long struggle with it had produced. Most of the reviews begin in the same way: a distinguished American short-story writer at the age of seventy-one has finally finished her first novel after twenty years of working on it. As this point was developed, it tended to establish the dominant tone of many reviews—that of an elated witness to a unique personal triumph, almost as though this indomitable septuagenarian had not written a book, but had done something even more remarkable—like swimming the English Channel.

The more sophisticated magazine critics

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approached the novel mainly in terms of the expectancy that Miss Porter's previous work had created. In Mark Schorer's words, *Ship of Fools* had been "eagerly awaited by an entire literary generation," which may overstate the matter but does point to the fact that over the years Miss Porter has become one of the representative figures of the heroic days in modern American letters—"the stylist of the 1920's to the last," to quote John Chamberlain's review. For the survivors of her literary generation, as well as for many members of a later one, this has given her something of the same appeal that Mrs. Roosevelt enjoys among Democrats. Miss Porter's reputation is particularly strong in the academy where she has taught off and on over the years and where her stories have been studied with special zeal and affection.

In short, the objective interest that Miss Porter's previous work had inspired usually contained an element of reverence, and in reading the reviews, one had the feeling that almost everyone in the academy and in New York literary circles (where, as *Time* put it, this "gracious . . . Southern gentlewoman" has long been a "charming chatterer") was either awed by or pulling for her—particularly those "in the know" who were aware of the troubles that she had had in writing her novel.

If the first paragraph of the reviews was likely to dote in one way or another on Miss Porter, the second was likely to dote upon the universal dimensions of her new book. More often than not, this universality was demonstrated by quoting the Preface: particularly Miss Porter's statement that at the center of her design is nothing less than the "image of the ship of this world on its voyage to eternity." However grandiose the claim might seem, the reviewers accepted it without question and lauded *Ship of Fools* as a novel whose theme "is the human race," as a "parable of a corrupt faithless world," as "a great moral allegory of man's fate," and so forth. That the only real sign of allegory in *Ship of Fools* is provided by the Preface (there are a few other details—the German ship's name is "Vera," etc.) and that the novel, if it is anything at all, is a straightforward and grimly realistic account of a voyage from Veracruz to Bremerhaven in 1931, that the characters are drawn as literally as one could imagine, that the surface of the writing is completely univalent—none of this stopped any of the more enthusiastic reviewers from finding themselves in the presence of a great symbolic vision of human life and destiny. As Dayton Kohler, an English professor writing in the Richmond (Va.), *News Leader*, put it, "*Ship of Fools* is an attempt to confront the mystery of being. . . . Here in microcosm is the world man has made."

Another feeling repeatedly expressed by the reviews was that the return of Miss Porter had ended a winter of general discontent with recent fiction. At one level, this feeling took the form of an impatience with the genial popular novel that neatly solves the problems of its characters. However, a number of other reviewers were less inclined to express their gratitude for *Ship of Fools* by repudiating *kitsch* than by repudiating their image of what passes for serious fiction today. In their desire to behold again the "solid" novel that they had been deprived of by the idiosyncracy, morbidity, and super-subtlety of serious contemporary fiction, such reviewers were inclined to see in *Ship of Fools* a somewhat different book from the one Miss Porter had actually written. If *Ship of Fools* does not have a "flimsy plot" (Winston-Salem *Journal and Sentinel*), this is only because it does not have any plot at all. If it has no "case histories" (Winston-Salem again) its cast of characters nevertheless includes a dipsomaniac (Herr Baumgartner), a nymphomaniac and drug addict (La Condessa), a religious maniac (Herr Graf), two paranoids (Herr Rieber and Herr Löwenthal), two child psychopaths (Ric and Rac), and—transfixed by their frus-

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trations, compulsions, and illusions—a dozen or more thoroughgoing neurotics. Similarly, one needs to read only the first ten pages to see that Miss Porter re-creates "persons and events on their own terms" (Chicago *Sun-Times*) about as much as her title would indicate. For these reasons, among others, the novel has very little power, "rugged" (*Newsweek*) or otherwise, and its "myriad insights" (*Newsweek* again) all lie along the same fixed line of vision and impart much the same judgment of human experience.

YET IT is not hard to see what these reviewers had in mind. *Ship of Fools* suggests many of the qualities of the traditional "solid" novel that has virtually dropped out of sight in recent years. Like the 19th-century classics, it comes at life in a straightforward and comprehensive way, while at the same time it shows itself to be a very modern novel in its form and sensibility. There are many characters and they all have the uncomplicated distinctiveness, bordering on caricature, that allows the reader to keep them straight, and to know where he is with each of them. Miss Porter's steady, clear notation of the strongly marked and typical manners and attitudes of her German burghers, pedagogues, and naval men, of her American natives and expatriates, of her Hispanic priests and revolutionaries, aristocrats and peasants, thus provides the sort of large-scale social inventory that used to be one of the leading features of the major novel. Though she has dispensed with the old-fashioned elaborate plot, she does contrive an almost continual movement of the narrative among the characters which serves much the same purpose as complicated plotting once did: it brings different classes (in this case nationalities) and types into relation and into the kind of revealing patterns of specific connection and conflict that can take on a large public significance. And tied as the novel is to crucial historical events such as the world-wide depression of the 1930's and the coming of fascism, the over-all effect is that of a novelist, as confident in her sense of moral order as Dickens or Balzac, creating the private history of an age.

Seen, then, from a respectful distance, *Ship of Fools* can easily look like the real thing come back again—a spacious, resonant, self-assured novel that the reader can settle down with instead of the highly mannered, oblique, claustral novel of recent years, confined to the academy or the suburb or a vaguely specified limbo, equivocal if not hostile toward normative values. At the same time, the unconventional anecdotal structure eliminates the Victorian furniture of an elaborate and artificial "story" and gives *Ship of Fools* a lean, functional, modern look that accords with its distinctly contemporary *Weltanschauung*. In other words, it is a book not only for the coffee table but for the room whose main point of taste is the well-upholstered Danish armchair and the print from Picasso's Blue Period.

All of which provides a few of the more obvious reasons why Miss Porter was able to win over about 80 per cent of the reviewers and presumably the hundreds of thousands of readers whose currents of taste the reviewers both direct and mirror. The other reasons are more subtle. Virginia Pasley, book editor of *Newsday*, a Long Island daily, remarked that the novel's lack of an immediate story interest and its "incisive indictment of humanity" would put off many readers. "It was not written to please. It won't," she concluded. Yet Miss Pasley was completely wrong—for many of the reviewers chose to recommend *Ship of Fools* precisely for the two reasons that she had dismissed it as a possible best seller. Indeed, the reception of the novel seemed a good deal less like another gathering of the philistines than a massive act of aspiration—even of conversion. It was seized upon both as an opportunity to move the level of popular literary appreciation up a full notch, and to declare, once and for all, that life has come to be as unsatisfying and immoral as Miss

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Porter so "objectively" pictures it to be.

The efforts at literary enlightenment turned mainly upon the discussions of the novel's action—the absence of a developing narrative, of any appreciable dividend of suspense, cumulative interest, or reversal of expectations that results from the highly episodic structure and the panoramic treatment of the characters. There was a good deal of talk about "the interplay of character" taking precedence over "the strategy of plotting," of "vibrant tension" rather than mere "suspense," of the writer's "vision of chaos" and use of "thematic structure." All of which indicated that a half century after the innovations of Proust, Joyce, Kafka, Mann, *et al.,* the idea that the happenings in a novel are far less significant or even moving than the underlying design, usually symbolic, to which they point, appears to have filtered down into the popular literary mind. But the result of this theorizing was to shift the ground of discussion almost immediately from the novel's narrative qualities to its themes, which led most of the reviewers to overlook its crucial weaknesses *as* a novel.

The main such weakness is that no effective principle of change operates on the action or on the main characters or on the ideas, and hence the book has virtually no power to sustain, complicate, and intensify either our intellectual interests or emotional attachments. Several reviewers have compared *Ship of Fools* to Mann's *The Magic Mountain* but the comparison immediately discloses the differences between a plot of ideas that changes with the development of the central figure and a collection of incidents that are strung along a few themes. In *The Magic Mountain,* there is an order of development whose nature is uncertain and problematic as the central figure, young Hans Castorp, passes through a series of intellectual and spiritual influences that resumes much of the cultural history of pre-World War I Europe. The slow, subtle transformation of Castorp's consciousness holds the various episodes together and also provides for a kind of intellectual suspense that merges with the drama of character. In *Ship of Fools* there is little such drama or suspense, for no character or idea is kept open long enough to provide for them. As Marie Louise Aswell noted in her review, Miss Porter's narrative technique betrays at almost every point the hand of the unreconstructed short-story writer. Over and over again she isolates a single point of significance in an incident (peoples' failure to communicate, their self-deception, their emotional barrenness, moral bestiality, intellectual folly, etc.) and one or two salient traits in a character (Denny's bigotry and prurience, Mrs. Treadwell's boredom and indifference, Captain Thiele's childish authoritarianism, Fraulein Spöckenkieker's stridency, etc.). As a result, the personages on the ship soon become predictable, and when their behavior is not merely repetitious, it is usually abortive and inconsequential, leading to no significant change or complication and merely further illustrating one or another of the themes of human hunger, animality, or evil. The sense of sameness spreads like a yawn and, as one of the characters remarks herself, "this voyage . . . must undoubtedly be described as somewhat on the dull side."

THE SECOND type of missionary work that was done by the reviewers centered around Miss Porter's characters. In general, two claims were made in behalf of this extraordinary collection of inveterate boors, malcontents, and moral cripples, who are mixed in with the grosser pathological cases. The first was that they were all superb creations ("any one or two of which," as Louis D. Rubin remarked, "would be the making of a lesser writer's reputation"); the second was that they are, individually and collectively, ourselves.

The favorite characters of the reviewers appeared to be La Condessa and Dr. Schumann. The former, with her young men and her drugs and her wise heart is

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little more than a stock theatrical voice crooning or shrieking in the wilderness inhabited by the fallen ladies of literature. Dr. Schumann—for all that he is supposed to be the main figure who experiences the truth of the substantial reality of evil by virtue of his sober, humane intelligence and his corrupting passion for La Condessa—is too enfeebled by a weak heart and a prudish malaise to have much force either as the victim or raisonneur of man's sinfulness. Also this good gray physician becomes not a little absurd during the course of the banal romance—a kind of higher literary soap opera—that he and La Condessa are given to act out:

". . . oh do you know what it is, coming so late, so strangely, no wonder I couldn't understand it. It is that innocent romantic love I should have had in my girlhood! . . . Well, here we are. Innocent love is the most painful kind of all, isn't it?"

"I have not loved you innocently," said Dr. Schumann, "but guiltily and I have done you great wrong, and I have ruined my life. . . ."

"My life was ruined so long ago I have forgotten what it was like before," said La Condessa. "So you are not to have me on your mind. . . . I shall find a way out of everything. And now, now my love, let's kiss again really this time in broad daylight and wish each other well, for it is time for us to say good-bye."

"Death, death," said Dr. Schumann, as if to some presence standing to one side of them casting a long shadow. "Death," he said, and feared his heart would burst.

The other two characters that tended to be singled out for special praise by the reviewers were the two American women, Jenny Brown and Mrs. Treadwell. What the reviewers sensed, though tended to sentimentalize, is that both women possess an intermittent autonomy, denied to the other characters, by virtue of a special fund of feeling that Miss Porter has for them. Jenny, an embittered and hollow version of the earlier autobiographical heroine (Miranda in "Old Mortality" and "Pale Horse, Pale Rider," Laura in "Flowering Judas"), is shown in the grip of a personal despair whose force is sufficient to shake her alive from time to time, so that she becomes something more than the stereotype of the liberated American and reveals something deeper and less predictable than her foolishness. To a lesser extent, this is also true of Mrs. Treadwell, an emotionally fragile divorcee with the rest of her life to kill. Otherwise, the characters lead lives on the ship that are tightly circumscribed by the baleful vision of human folly in which they are suspended, by the particular disfigurements, both personal and cultural, that they are fashioned to reveal. Unlike Dante's Brunetto Latino, or Chaucer's Pardoner, or Shakespeare's Angelo, or Stendahl's Sansfin (Miss Porter was compared to these and other masters by the reviewers in hailing her understanding of human nature), her figures are caricatures of moral infirmity and as such have only so much to reveal. After fifty pages they are predictable; after a hundred they are less revealing of human nature than they are of Miss Porter's design and sensibility.

In fact, once the characters begin to be brought into relation or to have their innards exposed at all, the attentive reader can smell the formaldehyde of an overdetermined simulation of real experience. Thus Frau Rittersdorf comes aboard the "Vera." Her first act is to take over the lower berth, though she has been assigned an upper; her second act is to place in vases "two enormous floral offerings she had sent herself" with cards from two male admirers. After dressing and ogling herself, she opens her diary and writes:

"So in a way, let me admit, this adventure—for is not all life an adventure?—has not ended as I hoped, yet nothing is changed for indeed I may yet see the all-guiding Will of my race in it. A German woman should not marry into a dark race. . . . There are the fatal centuries in Spain when all too insidiously Jewish and Moorish blood must certainly have crept in—who knows what else?. . ."

Elsewhere on the ship, Herr Rieber is already defending German honor and frol-

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icking with the shrieking Lizzi Spöckenkieker ("How he admired and followed the tall thin girls with long scissor-legs like storks striding under their fluttering skirts, with long narrow feet on the ends of them"); William Denny is leering at two "Chili Queens"; and David Scott, Jenny's cold-hearted lover, is instancing his hatred of her and his horror of life ("There was no place, no place at all to go"). In one stateroom, Frau Baumgartner is taking out her hostility to her husband (a helpless alcoholic and hypochondriac) on their sickly little boy, whom, despite the intense Mexican heat, she has kept dressed in a heavy leather cowboy costume. ("Mayn't I just take off my jacket?' he persisted hopelessly.") And nearby, the supernaturally pedantic Professor Hutten is lecturing to his wife about their bottlefed bulldog Bébé ("We need not look for any radical change in his organic constitution"), while "in round maternal tones" she croons to the dog: "Don't think your little Vati and Mutti are deserting you, my precious one."

And so it goes for the next 460 pages, with only a few time-outs for an act of relative candor, dignity, or decency. All of which is supposed to constitute a true picture of human nature, and so it was generally taken to be.

This is the most remarkable feature of the reviews. One wonders which of those hapless or vicious grotesques Mark Schorer (who said that "It will be a reader myopic to the point of blindness who does not find his name on her passenger list") found to represent himself, or what qualities Louis Auchincloss ("how easy it would be for anyone to turn into even the most repellent of these incipient Nazis") would own up to that brings him so close to Herr Rieber with his clownish lust and serious wish to throw the steerage passengers into gas ovens. Moreover, one wonders why so many of the popular reviewers ("Katherine Anne Porter has seen all of us plain") took as gospel the most sour and morbid indictment of humanity to appear in years.

THERE IS reason to suspect that something more than reviewers' cant was involved here, for the willingness of the reviewers to see themselves in Miss Porter's characters bears a remarkable resemblance to the reaction of the American press to the disclosures of the Eichmann trial last year. Bypassing the specific circumstances that had produced and empowered an Eichmann, most of the editorial writers hastened to phrases like "man's inhumanity to man," which collapsed all political and moral distinctions, not to say the purpose of the trial itself. And in the mood of moral malaise that the trial seems mainly to have inspired, it apparently became increasingly easy to assert that we are all Adolf Eichmann, which immediately transformed Eichmann from a very special kind of 20th-century political figure into merely one more example of the imperfectibility of man.*

By and large, *Ship of Fools* was read as another brief in the same abstract trial of mankind, vaguely centering upon the Nazi treatment of Jews. "In 1931 the foulness [of the world] was the rise of pride-injured German nationalism..." (*Time*). "To the author, anti-Semitism of any description is only one form of humanity's general failure to perceive the commonness of all humanity." (*Newsweek*). In some cases the reviewers were proceeding on the basis of a statement Miss Porter made in 1940 that the stories collected in *Flowering Judas* were part of a "much larger plan," whose ultimate purpose was "to understand the logic of this majestic and terrible failure of the life of man in the Western world." But they were also reading the novel. That Miss Porter has no use for her Germans is perfectly clear, and in almost every case they are seen to be well along the road to Nazism (the book is set in 1931). But since she has no more use for most of her Mexicans, Swiss, Americans, and Spaniards, the road to Nazism

* I am indebted for this point to a study by Midge Decter of American press reaction to the Eichmann trial.

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soon becomes indistinguishable from the general highway to hell that runs down the middle of her novel, along which the various characters clown, scheme, or stagger. The only power of active evil is given to the troupe of Spanish dancers; in the main, the Germans merely sit nervously at the Captain's table and speak their different varieties of Aryan cant while they bolt their food and look for chances to devour each other. There is no sense at all of the *force* of that monstrous romanticism, of the potential for *active* evil in the character of German nationalism, with its commitments not only to the purity of order but to the purity of chaos and self-immolation. In his recent novel, *The Fox in the Attic,* Richard Hughes understands these matters far more deeply than does Miss Porter. Hughes, too, sees the ludicrous pretensions of the early Hitler and his cohorts, but he also grasps not only the mythos but the energy of that "insane idealism" of hatred and love that created *Lebensraum* and death camps. It is the argument of *Ship of Fools,* indeed the main theme of the book as Dr. Schumann states it, that most people's "collusion with evil is only negative, consent by default," and that it is the "mere mass and weight of negative evil [which] threatened to rule the world." This last may be merely Schumann's own proto-fascist proclivities but it is difficult to distinguish his attitude from that of the writer who has been speaking through him. In any event, Miss Porter's theme of man's paltry sinfulness once translated, say, into the figures of Captain Thiele and Herr Rieber produces merely a bilious stuffed shirt whose fantasies of violence come from American gangster movies and an impotent buffoon who eventually cavorts around the ship in a baby bonnet. The threat of "the terrible failure of the life of man" that lurks at the Captain's table is far less that of genocide than of sloth and gastritis.

This insistence upon a "general failure" of humanity creates not only a feeble portent of Hitler's Germany but in time a brutally indiscriminate one. Among the Germans on board the "Vera," there is none more wretched and repulsive than the Jew Julius Löwenthal, with his whining, puny hatred of the *goyim;* with his lack of curiosity, much less passion, for anything in life save kosher cooking and the opportunities to make a killing off the Catholics; with his tendency to spit disgustedly into the wind. A caricature of Jewish vulgarity, Löwenthal is otherwise coldly reduced to an abstract tribal paranoia. Thinking himself snubbed by Captain Thiele, he broods for hours:

> He wished for death, or thought he did. He retired into the dark and airless ghetto of his soul and lamented with all the grieving wailing company he found there; for he was never alone in that place. He . . . mourned in one voice with his fated people, wordlessly he bewailed their nameless eternal wrongs and sorrows; then feeling somewhat soothed, the inspired core of his being began to search for its ancient justification and its means of revenge. But it should be slow and secret.

In brief, this successful peddler to the Catholics is the stage Jew of the modern literary tradition whom other Christian writers of sensibility (among them T. S. Eliot) have dragged out of the ghetto to represent the vulgar and menacing dislocations of traditional order:

> *My house is a decayed house,*
> *And the jew squats on the window sill, the owner,*
> *Spawned in some estaminet of Antwerp,*
> *Blistered in Brussels, patched and peeled in London.*

Far from exerting any understanding of or sympathy for Löwenthal—which he might have claimed if only because of the far from "nameless wrongs and sorrows" that he and his people will soon have to face in Germany—Miss Porter uses him in a situation whose implications are both historically misleading and morally vicious. At the dramatic center of the novel—both in terms of placement and by

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being the only conflict in the book that affects any appreciable group of characters—is an incident in which Herr Freitag, Miss Porter's other well-intentioned but ineffectual German, is removed from the Captain's table because it has been discovered that his wife is Jewish. He is then seated with the isolated Löwenthal, who immediately begins to persecute him and his absent wife:

> She's the kind of Jewish girl that makes disgrace for all the rest of us. . . I never laid a finger on a Gentile woman in my life, and the thought of touching one makes me sick; why can't you Goyim leave our girls alone, isn't your own kind good enough for you?. . . Be ashamed, Herr Freitag—when you wrong Jewish girls, you wrong the whole race. . . .

While Löwenthal baits him, Freitag thinks, "Here it comes again, from the other side. . . . I can't sit here either." And indeed the hostility toward him that he has also found in his wife's circle, along with the contempt he receives from his fellow Germans, has the force of making him repent of his marriage and renew his identification with the mentality and destiny of the Fatherland.

Thus, the historical significance that *Ship of Fools* is designed to possess—and all of its detail of national and cultural traits as well as its supposed symbolic resonance are nothing if not pretensions to such significance—becomes a matter of implying that the fate of Germany and its Jews reduces to the encounter of two particularly obnoxious breeds of inhumanity, with the decent but weak German liberals caught in the middle, where they become the victims of their own milder impulses toward evil.

Such an implication (and there is little to complicate, much less correct it, in the course of the novel) bespeaks not simply a failure of historical understanding, but what is more inexcusable for a novelist, it indicates a failure of consciousness, a glib refusal to acknowledge any of the imponderables of Löwenthal's fate:

> All he wanted in the world was the right to be himself, to go where he pleased and do what he wanted without any interference from them [the goyim]. That no race or nation in the world, nor in all human history had enjoyed such rights made no difference to Herr Löwenthal: he should worry about things none of his business.

And the trifling attitude that lies behind the treatment of Löwenthal is only one example of Miss Porter's compulsive tendency to simplify and close her characters and issues, to look down upon life from the perspective of a towering arrogance, contempt, and disgust.

It is just here that the reviewers went most astray in reading and puffing the novel. As some of the cleverer ones saw, *Ship of Fools* is not a novel of action or character or ideas, but one that is held together and given significance by its point of view, that is to say by the presence and pressure of Miss Porter's sensibility. However, the personal aura of Miss Porter, that we began by noting, was particularly protective in this respect, for it guarded her against direct criticism of the main weakness of the book—the spirit in which it was written. To judge this spirit was inevitably to judge the "gracious . . . gentlewoman," "the distinguished humanist" of acquaintance and reputation. The better critics—such as Stanley Edgar Hyman and Stanley Kauffmann—stopped just short of doing so. The others spoke of Miss Porter's "compassion" and "concern," "candor" and "objectivity," "wit" and "humor." The critic who went to greatest lengths to define and exult over Miss Porter's sensibility was Mark Schorer:

> There is nothing (or almost nothing) harsh in her book. There is much that is comic, much even that is hilarious, and everything throughout is always flashing into brilliance through the illumination of this great ironic style. At the same time, almost everything that is comic is simultaneously pathetic . . . moving to the point of pain, nearly of heartbreak. No, all that is conceivably harsh in this book is its magnificent lack of illusion about

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> human nature and especially the human sexual relationship. Even that is not really harsh because all the sharp perception and unsparing wit is exercised by an imaginative sympathy that is not withheld from even the greatest fool, not even from the Texan oaf, Denny, whom the gracious Mrs. Treadwell, suddenly outraged beyond endurance, beats into insensibility with the sharp heel of her lovely golden slipper.

THE remarkable thing about this passage, from what must have been the most influential review of the book, is that it does not contain a single word of critical truth. There is simply nothing funny about *Ship of Fools* and its pathos is represented by the type of artful corn that was quoted some pages back in connection with La Condessa and Dr. Schumann's relationship. Seldom does anything "flash into brilliance," for the "great ironic style" of the author who wrote "Noon Wine" no longer belongs to Miss Porter. Under the cold, smooth plaster of her prose is not a "magnificent lack of illusion about human nature," but an alternately smug or exasperated or queasy hostility toward most of the behavior she is describing. This takes incessant little forms of showing up and putting down her characters, and almost any passage of description or dialogue brings out some of them. As I said earlier, Jenny Brown is one of the few characters that her author has any feeling for; yet not even she is allowed to escape from Miss Porter's subtle, habitual snideness:

> She hesitated and then spoke the word "soul" very tentatively, for it was one of David's tabus, along with God, spirit, spiritual, virtue—especially that one!—and love. None of these words *flowered particularly* in Jenny's daily speech, though now and then in some *stray* warmth of feeling she *seemed* to need one or the other; but David could not endure the sound of any of them. . . . He could translate them into obscene terms and pronounce them with a sexual fervor of enjoyment; and Jenny, who blasphemed as *harmlessly as a well-taught parrot*, was in turn offended by what she *prudishly* described as "David's dirty mind.". . .

My italics underscore the small jabs, the kind of compulsive cattiness with which Miss Porter's "sensibility" operates. The most persistent and revealing example of her "sharp perception and unsparing wit" is in her relentless comparisons of almost all her characters to a whole menagerie of animals and birds—the idea being that their behavior is at bottom no different from the chain of greedy, malicious animosity that has been illustrated in the opening pages by the relations between a cat, a monkey, a parrot, and a dog. As for Miss Porter's "imaginative sympathy," one can read the frigid description of the incident Schorer notes in which the "gracious" Mrs. Treadwell, having alternately teased and pushed away a young officer on the ship through a whole evening, and having drunk herself into a stupor in her stateroom, squats over the unconscious Denny. With "her lips drawn back and her teeth set, she beat him with such furious pleasure [that] a sharp pain started up in her right wrist. . ."

Mrs. Treadwell's violence is not directed at Denny so much as at "the human sexual relationship" she fears and hates and which he, like most of the other characters, embodies in a particularly hideous manner. Miss Porter's attitude in this respect is most apparent in the treatment of the Spanish dancing troupe—particularly the two six-year-old twins—who are the evil characters in the novel, the focus of most of the speculations about original sin. From the moment they appear on the scene, the girls' "sleazy black skirts too tight around their slender hips . . . their eyes flashing and their hips waving in all directions," a sense of fascinated revulsion settles into the tone of the narrative and continues throughout the novel as the dominant strain of Miss Porter's misanthropy. In its most overt form, it fixates upon the incestuous relations of the

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two six-year-old psychopaths, Ric and Rac; upon the malign sexual power and corruption of the adult dancers as they glide about the decks; upon the wildly lascivious Concha teasing one of the young passengers nearly to the point of murdering his grandfather in order to get some money to sleep with her; upon the sexual relations of the dancers themselves:

> Their supple dancers' legs writhed together for a moment like a nest of snakes. They sniffed, nibbled, bit, licked and sucked each other's flesh with small moans of pleasure. . . . She saved herself like a miser in the dull plungings and poundings of those men who were her business, and spent herself upon Pepe, who was tricky as a monkey and as coldly long-lasting as a frog.

However, the atmosphere of cold, queasy sexuality, and the accompanying imagery of revulsion, radiates outward from the dancers to condition each of the other sexual relationships. La Condessa croons seductively to Dr. Schumann and he has "a savage impulse to strike her from him, this diabolical possession, this incubus fastened upon him like a bat." Even when the incredibly stuffy Huttens make love, the reader finds himself back with Pepe and Amparo: the same stressed male violence, the same abased female satisfaction, the same description of their bodies "grappled together like frogs." Sex on Miss Porter's "ship of this world" is Denny's constant goatish leer; it is the chasing of the "pig-snout" Rieber after the "peahen" "Spöckenkieker; it is the "monkey-faced" snickering of the Cuban students and the impassioned face of La Condessa, "her eyes . . . wild and inhuman as a monkey's"; sex is Jenny's gesture, "unself-conscious as a cat," of slapping her inner thigh; it is the Baumgartners' terrifying their child who lies awake in the next berth; in sum, it is David Scott's moment of introspection when "slowly there poured through all his veins again that deep qualm of loathing and intolerable sexual fury, a poisonous mingling of sickness and death-like pleasure."

This is what Miss Porter's "magnificent lack of illusion" comes to. Her contemptuous and morbid attitude toward human sexuality plays a large part in deflecting her sensibility to its incessant quarrel with human nature and in leading it by inevitable stages to a vision of life that is less vice and folly than a hideously choking slow death. For Miss Porter's versions of political action, artistic creation, religious belief, teaching, and so forth are no less skewed and embittered than her versions of copulation. Further, this clammy connection between sex and evil appears to rule out any feeling toward her characters other than a nagging exasperated irony, and to remove the possibility of any struggle toward deeper insight. As a result, the consciousness that is operating in the book, for all its range of view, is standing, so to speak, on a dime, and has little contact with the sources of imaginative vitality and moral power that renew a long work of fiction.

One can begin to understand, then, why *Ship of Fools*—apart from problems of technique and theme—remains so stagnant and repetitive; why there is neither the humor nor the pathos that Schorer raves about; and why there is nothing either "majestic" or "terrible" about Miss Porter's image of human failure. Far from being a profound account of the "ship of this world on its voyage to eternity," *Ship of Fools* is simply what it is: an account of a tedious voyage to Europe three decades ago that has been labored over for twenty years by a writer who, late in life, is venturing, hence revealing, little more than misanthropy and clever technique. "*Ship of Fools* is a work of mechanical art," as Elizabeth N. Hoyt of the Cedar-Rapids *Gazette* put it—cutting through the sentimental and pretentious obfuscation which has surrounded the novel from the start—"but the soul of humanity is lacking."

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ALBERT MEMMI

AM I A TRAITOR?

The mass exodus of Jews from Algeria in recent months has raised the crucial question as to whether there can ever again be any significant Jewish life in the new nationalist states of North Africa. ALBERT MEMMI *here presents his view of the moral and practical issues involved, a view differing radically from that put forth last month by the well-known French journalist* JEAN DANIEL, *who spoke for the possibility of a "prudent optimism" concerning the Jewish future in Algeria. M. Memmi is a distinguished North African Jewish writer, born in Tunis, but now living permanently in Paris. He writes in French and is the author of several novels; his* Portrait of a Jew *was put out recently in New York by Orion Press. The present piece has been translated by* HOWARD GREENFELD.

AM I A traitor? It is a question I could not have avoided facing indefinitely, one which has been asked by my former North African compatriots —Tunisians, Algerians, Moroccans. It had to be asked. Here I am, living in France, the country of the colonizers of North Africa. I, a Tunisian Jew, have gone away, left behind those young, newly independent nations, whose independence I had so fervently desired. Before leaving, I had visited several Moslem friends; not a little embarrassed, I explained: all writers, all artists, must, at some point in their lives, spend time in Paris; to make certain contacts with publishers, the press, etc. Such has been my automatic answer ever since. Several weeks ago, in New York, for example:

"Have you left North Africa permanently?"

"No. I don't know. A writer . . . Paris. . . . Look, even in your own country, American writers and artists have had their Parisian periods . . . Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Henry Miller. . . ."

But I know perfectly well that the question is a more serious one, that I am only avoiding the real issue, that I did not come to Europe merely for the sake of my work as a writer. The proof? An objective one, stronger than all my explanations: 120,000 Algerian Jews have just left Algeria; two-thirds of all Tunisian Jews have already left Tunisia, as I did; I don't know the figures for Morocco, but they cannot be very different. Even if my own personal reasons were valid, I would still have something to explain, for I am part of this North African Jewry. Were we right to leave North Africa just when the French left? Didn't we in some way betray these young nations by refusing to identify ourselves with their present new destinies?

Jews in other countries ought not to shrug their shoulders or be above it all. How often have I heard it said: "A local matter. . . . What happens in North Africa is quite interesting. . . ." People listen with well-intentioned curiosity, even with some sympathy, but with little real con-

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cern. A local matter? I do not think so. Periodic upheavals have never ceased uprooting the Jewish communities all over the world. The most surprising thing is that it has taken so long for it to happen to the Jewish communities of North Africa. Separated from Europe, the Jews of North Africa have not been forced to any large migrations since the Middle Ages. My grandfather never left Tunisia, where he died; my mother, I believe, would never have left had it not been for the recent events. Only lately have I painfully come to understand what my own Tunisian community had in common with world Jewry. . . . The voice of the Others is sometimes loud, sometimes barely heard —shame or brutality governs it, and the language differs in different places. For us, the question is posed in Arabic, and in relation to the independence of the North African countries: what is the nature, how strong is the solidarity, of our ties with these countries in which we were born? What exactly are our obligations toward these people among whom we have lived for so many generations, and, on the whole, with so little trouble? In leaving North Africa, have we suddenly become traitors?

IF ANYONE has given a false picture of what the Jews of North Africa think and feel, it is the Jewish intellectuals, particularly of the left, who have done nothing but imitate the kind of thinking characteristic of the French left in general. For a long time the Socialist intellectuals of France understood very little of what was happening in the colonies; above all, they were unable to foresee the birth of a "chauvinistic" nationalism—the "health" of the colonies, they thought, would be automatically ensured by the victory of socialism in Europe. Finally, when they were ready to admit that the liberation of the colonies must take a nationalist form, they still refused to acknowledge that their own people would react as nationals themselves—that the colonies would not be granted freedom before they had been subjected to long, costly, inherently useless wars. The result is known: the total lack of a sound policy, of a doctrine vigorous enough to win over the French people. If the French intellectuals of the left had no influence over events, it was precisely because of the poverty of their ideas. They cannot plead that they were removed from power; on the contrary, they had every opportunity and all the time needed. But when the Président du Conseil was a socialist and the Représentant in France also a socialist, it was the policy of the right that was adopted: resignation to an impossible status quo, and a continuation of the war.

We find the same poverty among Jewish leaders and intellectuals, the same total lack of foresight. When Jews in great numbers suddenly rushed toward the ports and airports, these leaders seemed completely surprised. One Jewish journalist, who over the years had been regularly analyzing the situation in North Africa for one of the French weeklies, could give no explanation except that the exodus was a deplorable mistake! And a brilliant professor of philosophy, a Jew, put forth in one of the large French newspapers the ingenious distinction between "repatriated" and "refugee": he beseeched those who were setting sail by the thousands to be refugees, not repatriates; by which he meant, of course, that their place was in Algeria and not in France. But by what logic does one ask these Jews to return to the very place from which they have just fled? As if they were acting in a simple outburst of temper or a momentary panic—when the war had lasted seven years! All this would be comic if the lives of so many Jews were not at stake. For the fate of North African Jewry is the most important world Jewish problem of our postwar period, just as the fate of the Jews of Central and Eastern Europe was the leading problem for Jews before 1939.

Foresight, it still seems to me, is in political matters the most important criterion

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of serious thought. We must therefore conclude that either our intellectual and political leaders never engaged in serious thought at all, or, for some reason, were extraordinarily misled. Just before the Jewish departures from Tunisia began, the various syndicates of workers and professionals increased the number of their meetings to explain to their members that they would finally see peace and brotherhood, and economic prosperity for everyone. Some months later, Jewish civil servants were replaced by Moslems (I do not say this was wrong—I merely state a fact); education became Arab- rather than French-oriented, and the question was what to do about the children; lawyers were notified that they would have to plead their cases in Arabic—but they were completely incapable of doing so, and it meant the end of their activities; merchants and industrialists began to have difficulties renewing their licenses. And so, and so on, and so on.

Nothing had been foreseen, nothing prepared for. Even today, in the reception centers hurriedly opened in Marseille and Paris, there is confusion and astonishment —the catastrophe is too great. The truth is, to repeat, that the problem of the end of colonization and the ensuing fate of the North African Jewish communities had been met only with a kind of paralysis of political thought and action. Why such blindness and incompetence? Because, it seems to me, there was so profound a contradiction between what the mass of Jews felt and thought was happening in the colonies and the values and ideology of their intellectual leaders. On the whole, these values and this ideology prevented the leaders from seeing what was staring them in the face—and when they did perceive what was happening they became almost hysterical with fright and shock.

THE FACT was clear and unequivocal: the Jewish masses—and also the other non-Moslem groups—were for France and for Europe. One only had to speak to people in the streets, to the barber or the shoemaker, to know it. It wasn't even necessary to go out into the streets—it was enough to have a family, brothers and sisters: they were all strongly Europeanized and they never, for a second, had any intention of abandoning European culture and customs. Why this firm choice? To understand it, we must return to the past history of the relation of the Jews to colonization. It has often been said that Moslems, unlike Christians, have never persecuted Jews; and, on the whole, this is true. There have almost never been pogroms in Arab lands comparable to those of the East European countries, let alone to the Nazi disaster. At the same time, it must be stated that the lot of the North African Jew, living under political absolutism, in insecurity and anxiety, has never been enviable. From birth to death, and as a matter of course, Jews were always second-class citizens under Moslem rule. Economically they had to content themselves with those activities which the Moslems left to them.

From the beginning, therefore, they cast their eyes across the sea: toward France, toward Italy, even toward England. Well before the beginning of colonization, many of them asked for and obtained French or Italian citizenship. This meant, above all, protection by the consulates in case of danger; it meant, also, more advantageous economic relations with these countries. Then, too, the Alliance Israélite Universelle, in its role of educating the Mediterranean Jews, helped very early to integrate them into French culture. When the French moved into North Africa, the Jews continued along the line they had already been pursuing, accelerating their "march to the West." Was this an act of treason toward their Moslem fellow citizens? In one sense, yes —the Jews abandoned the one culture for the other, and sought a different social status. They were, it must be said, often exploited politically by the colonizers—sometimes willingly, sometimes unknow-

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ingly. Certainly, the Crémieux Decree, which granted French citizenship to all the Algerian Jews (and this I do not condemn), was at the same time a very clever divisive maneuver. And because they had earlier accepted the language, culture, and technological improvements of the colonizers, because they had relations in Europe, the Jews found themselves intermediaries between the French and the Arabs—intermediaries who did not as a matter of course favor their Moslem fellow citizens.

I hasten to add that in their condition of oppression, under Moslem domination, and even more under the colonial situation, the Jews took the only way out for them. The Arabic culture and language, the Oriental customs, the Arabic-Islamic civilization—these were the past, a past of historical gloom, of fear, and of economic and cultural poverty. To become part of modern history and leave behind the ageless stagnation in which the former Turkish possessions of North Africa were engulfed, it was absolutely necessary for the Jews to pass through Europe, to adopt France and be adopted by it. It became clear that the Moslem elite wanted the same thing. They too began to Europeanize themselves, to speak French, to wear Western dress, to send their children to the colonizer's schools. But the movement toward Europe among the Moslems remained limited, and was complicated by resentment against the conqueror. The Jews had not been conquered by the French—and had nothing to lose.

Thus, a Jewish bourgeoisie came into being whose culture, tastes, and aspirations were almost entirely French. The children went to Europe to study, and returned doctors, pharmacists, lawyers—forming a new "class" of professionals, dynamic, active, and prosperous. Algeria, Tunisia, and Morocco badly needed such technicians. The miserable ghetto remained, of course, but took hope from the success of its Jewish bourgeoisie. In the occasional career of a son of the ghetto who had broken out to become a doctor, lawyer, or rich merchant living in a European town, there was proof that the road to success was open to all.

THAT IS how this new loyalty, to France and to Europe, was born. And it will remain. In the war of 1914, and again in 1939, the regiments of Jewish North African origin were among the toughest. Those who could not be mobilized did their part in recruiting offices. Important proofs of loyalty; but even more significant was the constant concern of the Jews for the French (not always reciprocated), their admiration for everything that came from the French capital, their eager imitation of French customs and fashions—all demonstrated a profound attachment. If history had not changed its course, these Jews would doubtless have been transformed into a kind of southern Frenchman, perhaps like the people of Marseille or others living on the French Mediterranean coast. Conceivably, even the Moslems might have taken the same path.

But history *did* change its course: colonization was condemned to extinction. It is not my purpose here to inquire whether this was inevitable, or whether by intelligent management the French colonial establishment could have been saved. The French did not in any case know how to correct their basic self-deception and how to give up a few of their privileges until it was too late. The colonized discovered that colonization had always only been exploitation adorned with a few ribbons; and the war which gave the oppressed a taste of liberty also taught them the use of arms. Justice and morality finally passed into the camp of the colonized. No intellectual worthy of his name could any longer justify colonization. The French intellectuals who for a long time had been preaching integration as the solution to the colonial problem, changed their tune. They admitted that the colonized had the right to be free to pursue their own course, not matter how disa-

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greeably such freedom might be used. The French intellectuals decided to help the North Africans attain their independence.

It is here that we find one—among others during this period—of the paradoxes of history: *it was as French intellectuals that the Jewish intellectuals of North Africa first took a stand against colonization.* These Europeanized North African Jewish intellectuals did not suddenly discover the importance of the Islamic past or the beauties of Arabic—they knew nothing about either. It was, on the contrary, by pushing their attachment to French ethical values to the limit that they became the adversaries of French colonization. Those who were the most French, most Westernized, were the most extreme—they were the ones who joined the Communist or Socialist parties, and who, supporting the anti-colonial struggle, thereby came full circle back to the side of their Moslem fellow citizens. Through an excess of loyalty to France—to a certain image of France, the finest image—they returned to their former loyalty to North Africa. Practically speaking, in opposition to France and French interests in North Africa, they soon found themselves in the camp of the colonized. Some very touching reunions were witnessed between Jew and Moslem, and several authentic Jewish heroes made their appearance in the ranks of the North African *maquis*.

But by another paradox, more serious perhaps, reversion to their former allegiance failed to bring these intellectual leaders close to the large majority of Jews; on the contrary—they found themselves in disagreement with their own people. The Jewish masses obviously could not follow these leaders down so complicated a path. The masses clung to their "march toward the West," though they were far from having reached their goal, and far, too, from realizing that at the end they would have to fight—against the injustices of the West! But for them, there could be no question of abandoning what they had so painfully acquired. Inside the ghetto, it was not denied that the Moslems were justified in fighting for an end to Moslem misery; but this was their business. The Jews would side with the French, from their deep attachment, or possibly capriciously; perhaps also from self-interest. If the Moslems took power, wouldn't they upset a delicate equilibrium? Wouldn't the Jews be deprived of the few cultural or economic positions they had painfully wrested for themselves after so many generations?

The Jewish intellectuals, Europeanized and anti-colonialist, were certain the answer was no. The ghetto had its doubts. And—why not say it?—the ghetto was right. The intellectuals were self-deceived, blinded by their ethical aspirations. Once again, it was not a matter of regretting for a single moment the liberation of a formerly colonized people; or even of regretting the breaking up of old ties which this liberation would inevitably bring about. There is no revolution without a price. Colonization had to end—for the sake of justice, and a more harmonious human order, probably. It was necessary. It was also necessary, however, not to pretend, against all evidence, that no price would be exacted for this revolution.

IN THE end, the Jewish intellectuals were proved wrong because they had not taken into account the specific nature of the Jewish destiny. Here is the important lesson to learn from this terrible adventure, which is unfortunately far from ended. It was not that the Jewish intellectuals were wrong in their argument with their own people: colonization was indeed doomed, and the direction of history was changing. But these same intellectuals failed to understand their own exact position in the over-all historical context. They could not understand, or they preferred not to understand, that the end of colonization, legitimate and desirable, nevertheless would profoundly change the life of North African Jews. Embarrassed, these intel-

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lectuals in the purity and generosity of their ideas preferred to deny what was actually happening. The most responsible of them considered the North African Jews to be a special case, and thus could not foresee their actual catastrophic migration. It serves no purpose now to deplore the blunders or to try to explain at this late date the sudden panic that threw thousands of Jewish refugees into transit camps.

Such blindness, conscious or unconscious, is not, alas, new in the history of Jewish communities. It would certainly be easier, for thought and for action, if the lot of Jews could coincide exactly with that of their neighbors. It would be pleasant if history were always rational and manageable. How fine to be able to work for the good of all men at once, including Jews! I really believe this to be the great dream of every Jewish intellectual: to fight for all humanity, and in so doing to save his own people, without suspicion of self-interest. Alas, history abounds in contradictions. Not that the history of the Jews is independent of that of the Others; on the contrary, everything that happens to the Others also affects the life of the Jews, but in a special way. In any case, the destiny of the Jew too often carries with it a hard nucleus that cannot be minimized. No historic duty toward other men should prevent our paying particular attention to our special difficulties. It is not wrong for the Jewish elite to take positions in advance of the majority of their people, but at the same time they must never forget to listen to the voices of their people. Jewish leaders have not performed their historic mission simply by fighting for the coming of a universal morality. For, beyond the solidarity with all men, there exists a more humble and often less comfortable duty: to come to grips directly with their special destiny as Jews, without worrying too much about being called a traitor by anyone.

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DAVID T. BAZELON

THE SCARCITY MAKERS

AMERICA'S MASSIVE and bountiful corporations are the institutional bedrock of the Paper Economy under which we live, yet their very existence was for many years neglected, if not denied, by conventional thinking. The revolutionary issue they represent was lost somewhere between Adam Smith's ideal irrelevancies and what was most often referred to as "the monopoly problem." It is occasionally even funny that the self-exploitation of the small proprietor still lingers in our minds as a model of American enterprise, while the major corporations which supply most of our needs remain theoretical anomalies.

All this is now beginning to change, however, and a deeply significant discussion has commenced on the basis of two rather more realistic assumptions: (1) that ours is a corporate economy with each industrial or business area typically dominated by a few large organizations, which dominate no less effectively because they are not technical monopolies; and (2) that this rather obvious fact has a welter of far-reaching implications and is going to take an awful lot of explaining.

It may not be saying too much to assert that the new thinking about collective enterprise, or managerialism, is about to be recognized as constituting *a great theological crisis,* on the order of the one that accompanied the introduction of Darwin's work, or even the social and political thought that followed the Reformation. For we are experiencing the collapse of the economic and political pillars of the ideology which has dominated Western thought for the past several hundred years.

The two *basic* points about corporations were seen decades ago, by Veblen and by Berle and Means. Around the turn of the century, Veblen demonstrated that large business organizations were dominating and distorting the new technological forces, and that these control-organizations were using paper—that is, capitalization—primarily to make money out of making goods and out of *not* making them. The second basic point about corporations was seen thirty years ago by Berle and Means, who suggested in *The Modern Corporation and Private Property* (1932) that large publicly held corporations were an anomaly in the supposed system of private property. That pronouncement will probably turn out to be one of the more resounding understatements in the history of social thought, since what the big American corporation is actually engaged in is a pleasant, leisurely, and continuingly decisive destruction of the previously existing system of private property.

The most important historical point about corporations is that until recently they were always considered public agencies—in effect, specific grants of gov-

DAVID T. BAZELON here continues his discussion, begun last month, of our "Paper Economy." The series will conclude in November with an analysis of the political issues involved. Mr. Bazelon, who now devotes his full time to writing, has practiced corporation law in New York City.

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ernmental power. In the beginning, there was no difference between a charter for a corporation and a franchise for a public utility. Today, the right to incorporate for any purpose at all has become generally available; incorporation is now as common as contract.

In the nature of the case, the technological revolution could not proceed unorganized and unplanned. The major corporations, as stewards of the technological upheaval, came into being in response to the imperatives of such organization and planning. But the necessity to administer men and things in large aggregates does not by itself account for the corporation's leading role in America today. To complete the picture, we also have to note that toward the middle of the 19th century the federal government and the states began turning over substantial amounts of their power and property to increasingly sizable corporate enterprises. This government give-away to "private" profit-seeking enterprise, in order to accomplish a particular function (whether or not the government could have done the job on its own), has marked American economic history from the building of the railroads to the development of atomic energy and communication by means of space satellites. It is our way of doing things.

Private Property?

Internally, the corporate order is a system of *private* government. This privacy, however, is not to be comprehended in terms of private property or the private discretion of individuals. The corporate order is largely private *from*—from public accountability, whether indirectly, through that other national government, or directly, to any of its various constituencies (i.e. suppliers, dealers, employees, stockholders, and consumers). The rulers of the corporate system are not genuinely elected by anybody, and they are not answerable for the exercise of their more important powers to any elected officials. The privacy of this private government serves mainly to ensure its authoritarian nature. *There is probably more law today running in favor of individual rights in the armed services than there is in any of our major corporate communities.* Without the fundamental law of a constitution for the corporation (and there is none), it is—to be succinct—a lawless institution.

If the corporation is private property, nobody but the stockholder-owners are legitimately concerned with its government; and if the stockholders' vote ensures control for the property-owners by democratic means, the managers who run the corporation are property-servants operating under a legitimate mandate. But if these related propositions are not true, then our major corporations are authoritarian private baronies legitimated by nothing more than their existence. In fact, the propositions are not true—they are simply loudly and continuously endorsed by the people who control the properties of which they are not true.

Large publicly held corporations are *not* private property and they are *not* controlled by their shareholders. Where did anybody get the idea that they were? From the vote—which is merely a ritual, for anyone who knows the facts. And it is strangely disturbing that the magic of the vote in corporate affairs has so much in common with the concept in Communist states, where one also votes not to make a choice, but as a ritualistic submission to unassailable power.

Stop and think for a moment: how could an industrial government like AT & T be "owned"? By means of stock certificates? That's like trying to attach some significance to the notion that I own a piece of Central Park because I live in New York City. The assets of AT & T, well over $20 billion worth, are owned by the corporation itself. There are more than two million shareholders in the Company. Over half of these have investments of less than $2,000. Now what is $2,000 worth of $20 billion? It is obviously nothing but

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a technical piece of Central Park. And as far as voting goes, New York City is in fact more of an actual political community than any private corporation.

How can anyone call something like this private property? It is owned by a disorganized impotent public, and controlled by a private managerial clique. What is important is the control: the ownership is not.

The fundamental meaning of private property is private control over the property one owns, and all the stockholder owns is a share of stock. The corporation is not private property—only the share of stock is.

What is the real nature of the established corporate power? Simply, that the strength and purpose of the nation are in the hands of the few thousand men who control the few hundred bureaucracies which dominate the economy. (According to Berle, "about two-thirds of the economically productive assets of the United States, excluding agriculture, are owned by a group of not more than 500 corporations.") These organizations and men are the stewards of the permanent technological revolution which *is* the economy, and which it is not too dramatic to call the hope and the despair of mankind.

If you rank big corporations and governments according to revenue, you have eight corporations after the federal government before you get to the first state, California; then another five before arriving at New York State and New York City; and ten more before Pennsylvania. Out of fifty-five organizations with a billion or more annual revenue (1958), only nine are official government units.

More Than Ownership

All this concentration of assets and general institutional size means a good deal more than it seems to mean. A big corporation is much bigger than its balance sheet, and much bigger than the percentage of industry assets that it may own. *Corporate governments do not rule by ownership alone.*

The reason is that big corporations dominate not only their own industries, but are also centers of power around which are clustered thousands upon thousands of satellite enterprises which are wholly or substantially dependent on the center. The satellites may be suppliers or dealers or customers, but the dependence is not altered by the role.

The markets in which giants and satellites trade are structured and dominated by the giants: it is somewhat gratuitous to call them markets at all, and considerably less than candid to call these dubious markets "free." *The historical purpose of big corporations is to organize markets.* In a sense, that is all corporations are—organized markets. Professor Edward S. Mason of Harvard says: "As a firm grows, transactions that could conceivably be organized through the market price mechanism are transferred to the administrative organization of the firm." In other words, with big corporations, markets are "ingested" or internalized. And these corporations, by "owning" part of the market, can dominate much more of it.

All this could be put under the heading of "technological rationalization," except for the fact that in the Paper Economy considerations of finance are more important in determining the size of a corporation than is increased efficiency in the production and distribution of goods. GM needs profit instead of production only as a form of self-protection—and of course there is never enough of *that*. Such self-protection requires maintenance of the price level, especially by curtailing production. Veblen called this "sabotage": we can call it Scarcity Regained.

As centers of industrial and financial power, market-organizers, and general governing bodies, big corporations are necessarily planning agencies. Planning and technology go together, they are common imperatives. You can, then, easily see that planning is: (1) indispensable; (2)

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in glaring contradiction to our free enterprise ideology; and (3) something that takes both superior intelligence and training, which signifies the heightened importance of intellectual experts. Since planning is so close to the real issues of power in our day, and since it involves a very significant upgrading of intellectual classes, and since to be accomplished effectively it must be carried out over large industrial areas, thus requiring the use of federal power—*therefore,* the existing private power centers necessarily oppose it when carried on by groups other than themselves, and always obscure it no matter who does it, or why.

Prices and Planning

Competent corporate executives are planning everything they can—strenuously, and with great effect. But unfortunately, corporations plan only for themselves. Also unfortunately, one of the things corporations have taken to planning is the early obsolescence of their products. Corporate planning is quite extensive, but we cannot go into the whole revealing story here—or its costly lack of relation to a national plan. We must note the connection between planning and pricing, however, because that is a crucial political fact in the Paper Economy.

There are approximately two ideas current today about how prices are set: one view has it that neither individuals nor institutions exercise discretion, unless they have sinned deeply and are "monopolies," but that prices are set and reset every hour on the half-hour by a Great Force called the Free Market. The other idea, which is both obvious and not yet quite decent, is that where markets are dominated they are not "free," and the dominating economic institutions have, among their other powers, the capacity to set prices with a certain independence. The latter have come to be called "administered prices."

The main thing to be understood about administered prices is that they are not to be understood at all apart from long-range business planning. That is, a particular price is based on the idea that you are going to sell a particular quantity with given fixed costs and given unit costs. In order to figure that way you have to plan to *produce and sell* X quantity of the thing. Once you decide this, the "right" price follows. So the main thing price does, in the mind of the price administrator, is to determine how much shall be produced in the first place.

Even if the administrators of a big corporation tried their hardest to live up to the principles of automatic competitive pricing which they learned in college economics courses, it would be beyond their best capacity. International Harvester, for instance, establishes prices for 250,000 parts. It takes a large staff of people just to know *where* a price is, much less *what* it is (or whether it's "right"). No, big corporations know what they are even if classical theorists don't. They set prices and production quantities in tandem according to over-all and long-range objectives. Anything else would be much too dangerous for a major institution.

(The big 500 corporations which dominate two-thirds of the industry of the United States are also in charge of the accumulation of approximately 60 per cent of the capital which is applied to industrial use. So, one of the more important things the corporations administer is the better part of our future. We can think of this as "administered financing," and it is hardly second in significance to the power that is involved in administering prices.)

Let me state the articulation (planning) problem this way: why tolerate a monstrosity like General Motors at all if you are not going to take the full tour and rationalize the whole automotive industry on the same principles which justify GM's existence in the first place? You may say that we are not politically prepared for this degree of rational articulation. True enough. We are about as little prepared

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for it as we were for the whole technological revolution.

A more sophisticated industrial articulation—operating under an imperative to produce—is the major work of the corporate system yet to be accomplished. The problem is that in America this would require a much larger borrowing of federal power, or a more substantial amalgamation with it, which in turn would necessarily call upon the corporations either to legalize themselves, or transform the national government itself into an illegal instrumentality. (Some years ago the latter possibility was called "fascism," and is still quite unpopular when identified by that name.)

But Is It Legal?

The dominance of the corporate system finally raises two questions: (1) Is the system technically adequate? and (2) Is the power it represents "legitimate" within the assumptions of the whole society?

The answer to both questions is, No. And the answers are related, primarily through this nagging issue of federal power. Planning for themselves alone, the corporations do not achieve sufficient articulation to ensure the full production and the full growth which the state of technology permits. And, again refusing a more substantial amalgamation with federal power, they do not share the legitimacy which would proceed therefrom. They have no legitimacy of their own—because the private-property legitimation covers them like a moth-eaten umbrella.

The legitimacy of a power system, or the lack of it, is an important issue for any society. No law governing the exercise of power ever equals perfect justice: which is like saying that law is only law. But having experienced the totalitarianisms of this century, we should not doubt that law which is only law is invaluable to us poor mortals who are only mortals. Law can never get very far in contradicting a power system (although it can express the contradictions existing in one); but in its presumptive rationality, it *regularizes* the exercise of power and it *justifies* that exercise. Law justifies power—"gives it legitimacy"—by relating its exercise to more basic assumptions of the social order. Such justification can be, and often is, quite thin—which puts you smack in the middle of politics (the solvent and source of law), arguing for a more substantial justification.

Very simply, the corporation is an authoritarian form of industrial government in a purportedly democratic society. The power of the corporation is unavoidable, but it should exist for a particular purpose, not for its own sake. If the purpose is generally accepted, the power is in fact legitimate: if it is actually used for that purpose, it is responsible. The great power of the corporate system is both illegitimate and irresponsible because in form it has not been made coherent with other purposes in the society, and in fact it is not devoted to fulfilling the purpose for which it was created—production.

To state the basic American economic proposition as simply as possible—the major corporations organize and govern industry, the government tries to ensure that the goods are actually produced and distributed. The system does *not* run itself: the corporations are not able to run it *by* themselves. This has been clear since the Great Depression. With each advance in productive capacity, it becomes clearer. Indeed, the whole thing would fall apart if it were not for the federal government's taxing, spending, subsidizing, guaranteeing, organizing, assisting-and-regulating, and generally underwriting the flow of national income. What the Big Underwriter does is to keep Big Business in business in a big way.

But there are some quite naive notions current about this enlarged role of the federal government. Chiefly it is thought that the use of federal power in the economy was, in each additional instance, only "temporarily" called for and should have

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been abandoned as soon as the "temporary" need had been met. This is quite silly, since the obvious truth of the matter is that, just as the corporate form was required to organize large aggregations of men and wealth to produce goods, according to the historical terms set by 19th-century industrialism and 20th-century technology, so a coherent national power was required by the same history, to sustain and articulate this set-up.

Since the 1929 collapse, there has been a lot of governing called for by the geometrically progressing complexity of the technological system; and, for one reason or another, a substantial amount of such governing authority has finally been relocated in Washington, D.C., which, as the history books inform us, had been the original seat of American power.

In its entire checkered career the United States government has spent about $1.4 trillion. It is not the result of evil conspiracy that 90 per cent of this money has been dispensed in the last twenty years.

At the beginning of 1961, the federal government's total assets were inventoried at $276 billion. These values are understated, since they are carried at acquisition cost—and some are dated a century ago. For example, the White House, including 18 acres in the center of Washington, is valued at $1,000.

At anything like current market value, the government is worth considerably more than its outstanding public debt. These federal assets are *real*—some of them even edible, as, for example, the $9 or $10 billion worth of farm surplus. Even the army tanks could probably be converted into bulldozers or tractors, and atom bombs could be used to create harbors and move mountains. I am suggesting that all these assets are inherently valuable and even productive. But of course if they were ever used as such, they would knock the props out from under the inflated price and profit-making posture of the so-called private sector of the Paper Economy. And that sector, specifically, is what the federal government is committed to sustaining—that is, underwriting.

War, War, War

All other governmental effect is currently dwarfed, of course, by the economic earthquake of military procurement. There is one primary point to be kept in mind: this amount of federal demand cannot possibly be viewed as "temporary." The military budget has worked profound *structural* changes in the economy. Big changes are brought about without opposition in the name of the military which, properly identified in candid perspective, would have been resisted to the death by countless traditionalists.

Nothing is more ironic or revealing about our society than the fact that hugely destructive war is a very progressive force in it. The reason is quite clear: when military capacity is the issue or the excuse, there occurs a measure of planning and proper allocation, a strict devotion of resources to a clear and realistic end, that is otherwise inordinately difficult to achieve in the mature Paper Economy.

War production is progressive because it is production that would not otherwise take place. (It is not so widely appreciated, for example, that the civilian standard of living *rose* during World War II.) The fact that what is produced is essentially useless—and much worse than useless—merely heightens the irony of it all.

The worldwide scope of military expenditure is truly horrifying. Early in 1961, the Associated Press reported that the world was spending $14 million an hour on arms and armies. Almost three-quarters of this amount was accounted for by the United States and the Soviet Union. The cost of armament at that time was "about $140 a year for each man, woman, and child now living"—more than the annual income of most individuals and families on earth. There are 15 million men under arms, and considering that four men work just to keep one

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soldier supplied, the energies of 75 million men are devoted to the waste of war.

The biggest war spender is the United States: in the nine fiscal years from 1950 on, we spent over $228 billion on supplies and weapons—this involved *38,000,000 purchase transactions.* Total military property in the supply system at June 30, 1959 (not including real estate) was $44.5 billion. Total manufacturing inventory in the whole country at July 1960 was $54.9 billion, and total retail inventory a comparatively ridiculous $25.1 billion. (This is what happens when you are big enough not to be frightened by inventory, that bugaboo of the Paper Economy.) It costs $2 billion a year simply to contract for, store, and issue all this stuff. "The tangible assets of the Department of Defense are . . . $150 billion" according to the Joint Economic Committee.

So in a thousand ways and with millions of purchases, the federal government sustains the economy. It is the essential underwriter, conceiving "underwriting" as direct intervention as well as endorsement of paper (which I think is the way great underwriters like Morgan conceived it). Underwriting in the Paper Economy, after all, is simply a sophisticated adjunct to the more ancient act of governing.

Under our paper system, thus sustained, the most valuable "property" is not property at all—it is the institutional control over profit-making enterprises and opportunities. Many of these are created directly by the government, and all are sustained by its underwriting activities. This institutional situation—the capacity or right or opportunity to make a profit—is the keystone, cornerstone, and top-and-bottomstone of our system of paper-values.

The classical capitalist view assumes that all power is distributed according to the ownership of property, and all power not so distributed is bad, should be kept at a minimum, or its existence denied. But for us, to stress the point again, ownership is no longer decisive. What is most important now is the *control* of property. Recognition of the prior importance of control and its dissociation from ownership is what, in a general way, is meant by the term "managerialism." Ours is a managerial, not a traditional, capitalist system.

Managers and Managerialism

In more or less candid manner, the current discussion of managerialism assumes that the primary productive capacity of the nation is controlled by a self-perpetuating oligarchy of non-owners. It recognizes, again with more or less clarity, that this is quite a different situation from that formerly existing or still envisaged by classical theory. The discussion then becomes downright relevant when it is further assumed that most of the important activities in our society require large organizations, all large organizations must be managed, and there are some fundamental similarities between all the managers of any and all large organizations. On these assumptions, managers emerge as a class —a *new* class.

The position taken here is that rich people are no longer running things in America; that there is in fact a managerial revolution under way; that it is worldwide; that it more and more requires the participation of the state; and that it is probably as inevitable as any major historical movement. But its evolving character, and some of its important contradictions, have not been properly set forth.

There are two types of managers. The distinction is not black and white, but it is very real.

The larger group consists of people who are technically and even highly trained to do a specific kind of work, and actually do it: this would include engineers, scientists of various kinds, lawyers, accountants, advertising and public-relations men, merchandising experts, personnel people—a very long and varied list of specialized activities. The smaller group is made up of the ruling strata of executives; in every organization there are a few people at the

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top who direct the work of everyone hierarchically lower in the organization, who control the organization and make its policy and direct its course, who represent it officially in its external relations, and so on. These latter are group-politicians: their work is to adjust conflicts among individuals and sub-groups.

Perhaps the most distinctive fact about the top organizational managers today is their increasing independence from wealthy owners, bankers, and indeed all outside influences; and the most important fact about the technically trained group which actually accomplishes productive work is its enhanced importance, prestige, and income. The picture can also be presented in this way: In order to administer the technological revolution, so many organizations must be created, and these organizations become so important, that we can say the society is essentially made up of them; they clearly require large numbers of trained people to perform and administer the work which is the purpose of the organization; these people are key members of the new society. We call this managerialism, and to make the discussion manageable we might even name the two groups the Politicians and the Intellectuals.

If we can imagine a "first generation" of managers, it is fairly persuasive that they were selected by the big owners: they were heirs of the robber barons. But even if we allow for some continuing influence of the rich, it is also pretty clear that the second-generation managers were chosen by the first generation and so on down to the present. Thus it is also fairly clear and persuasive that what we have is a "self-perpetuating oligarchy."

Once qualified, the political executive has an enviable style of life in store for him. The texture of prepaid living is the most obvious quality of the executive life —but it is not the most important. This consumption, including its conspicuousness, merely adorns and sustains a life of command. The top managers are top dogs in an exceptionally vital political order: they are not ward-heelers hanging around for the graft alone. The primary commitment to consumption is left to the women, the rentier paper-holders who own the system, and indeed to a whole nation of customers. The Politician does not own the system—he is much more interested in running it. Which he does.

The Intellectuals

In the less widely discussed aspect of the Revolution of Non-Ownership, what we are witnessing, it seems to me, is a rather quiet and mostly polite *revolt of the Intellectuals*. Many of the people concerned would be horrified to think that they were parties to anything so dangerously improper as a social revolution (most of them don't even think of themselves as "intellectuals"). But if you asked them whether they wanted to increase their prestige, standard of living, and scope of discretion in work, they would answer affirmatively. If you went on to inquire whether they were going to do this by accumulating capital, they would say, No. These two motives operating in tandem have created a revolution-in-fact, whether or not the participants know it or desire it.

When I speak of "Intellectuals," I am not thinking of Greenwich Village or the Left Bank. The Intellectuals in question are avant-garde only in spearheading a social revolution; they are not avant-garde in the usual sense, meaning culturally advanced, highbrow, or disaffected. They are Intellectuals in that they are intellectually trained to do, and actually do, intellectual work: *They use systematic concepts in their productive, earning-a-living work, and it is necessary that they be trained to do this, which distinguishes them from those who have not received such training*. The training, or education, is a new form of income-producing status which replaces and serves the same function as the older bourgeois ownership of income-producing property.

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The new class of Intellectuals has increased enormously in size over the last few decades: we are creating a *mass* of educated people to staff the bureaucracies of the organized society. The result is not a nicely new democratic society, but rather substantial junior additions to the ruling class of the old one. But that's an advance, certainly. It is exactly the kind of advance we can expect from managerialism.

The Intellectuals and the Politicians are increasingly engaged in an intra-class struggle. The former want, simply, to be less managed by the latter; or, they want a fuller realization and development of the new managerial order—which means an increase in their own power and status—and they want it sooner rather than later. The Politicians—at least in the West—have reason, however, to go more slowly: (1) they (especially the leading financial faction) are the brokers of the big changeover, since they are charged with mediating between the New Class and the paperrentiers; and (2) they are variously overcautious, inept, frightened, and occasionally downright suicidal in approaching the inevitable amalgam, or further meshing, of public and private governments.

The new intellectual class will eventually be as great a danger to the top ruling strata of the managerial order as the dispossessed workers were to the earlier age of capitalists. The Intellectuals are coming on. They are increasingly strong, confident, and assertive. They know they are needed—and they are in fact needed more and more every day.

A growing segment of the Intellectuals here know that they are exemplars of a social revolution—know it in the most profound way, as a sense of their distinctive identity and the difference of others. Among these self-conscious ones are to be numbered the liberals who were so startlingly catalyzed by Adlai Stevenson's candidacies. As is well known, they failed to elect their candidate—but this may well have been one of the most penetratingly successful failures in the history of our peculiar nation. Out of pique or whatever, thus galvanized, these people are transforming our political system in the most practical way imaginable—through an attempt to carry out a revolution within the Democratic party. They are apt to be successful in their efforts, too, because this revolution is not all in the head—it is an expression of social/status/money changes. *They are new people*—the first of the managerial corps, having arrived, to take the broad view, and their stale New Deal rhetoric is only frosting on the essential managerial cake.

The Middlebrows of Yesteryear

These new people are administrative intellectuals—what used to be called the "middlebrows," although you never hear them called that any more, they've become so important. The liberal middlebrows are the vanguard of the managerial revolution in this country. They are very strong in teaching, which has had and will have a greatly enhanced status now that everyone feels education to be necessary. They are well placed in all intellectual activities—foundations, mass culture in all forms, governmental bureaus—and seem to be making out, although more slowly, in the corporate bureaucracies as well. They are a considerable self-conscious leavening. Whether their particular self-consciousness will survive in a later, more mature ideology of managerialism is another question. To the extent that it is based on scientism and the administrative view of man, I am afraid that it will survive, because it grows out of their training and circumstance rather than the heritage of liberal rhetoric.

In this society undergoing transition from capitalism in pure plutocratic form to the new and still somewhat unknown managerialism, the meaning of wealth has changed. Wealth once meant power—and nobody found much occasion to distinguish between the two. Today the world

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can only be misunderstood in such terms. Not that powerful people are ordinarily poor, but that wealthy people are not necessarily powerful. Why? They decided it that way. They didn't have to, but they did. Ours is one of the only ruling classes in history which has a built-in system of self-abdication. The American rich have not trained their sons to rule.

Discussing the withdrawal from economic activity of the wealthy classes, which is a feature of the advance of managerialism, James Burnham remarks that "to rule society . . . is a full-time job." To reach a little broadly and dramatically, it might even be said that managerialism derives from the necessity of servants, their consequent proliferation and final elevation to the point where their masters become formal, official, and unimportant: as the Prime Minister of England is said to serve the Queen.

So Rich, So What?

We might compare property controlled fully by its ownership to political power exercised under the divine right of kings. Just as the absolute discretion of the king became such a burden to his servants that it was circumscribed and finally dispensed with altogether when the servants realized that they were more important than their master, so the servants of property in its modern aggregations have had to take over so much of the owners' discretion as to make ownership relative rather than absolute, formal rather than operative, and generally less than divine. The divine right of property is disappearing historically because the property concerned has so changed that it cannot be managed or operated by divine right. It can only be managed by technicians (for the things), and full-time organizational operators or "politicians" (for the people).

Today, a big owner must be a competent manager to avoid being reduced to the role of a passive rentier. The latter is the role of his class, and he can avoid it only by himself joining the ranks of the new class. Owning and managing property are two separate roles: having the one, he of course gets first crack at the other. But he has to seize the opportunity, or resign himself to a life of philanthropy and elaborate consumption. The women, who own more and more of the rentier property in this country, do not fight the issue very strenuously.

In the last hundred years, too many people have made too much money too quickly in the United States. This fact has had some very serious consequences. For one thing, the cheapening of wealth has made the problem of consolidating class rule based on it almost impossible.

"Money—sheer, naked, vulgar money —has with few exceptions won its possessors entrance anywhere and everywhere in American society," says C. Wright Mills in *The Power Elite*. The historical picture one gets from Mills is of waves of new wealth washing up against hastily fixed status structures, and periodically overwhelming them. In each backwash, the ruling classes have been increased numerically and also made increasingly heterogeneous. But there never was time to housebreak the newcomers and integrate them into a continuing class-cultural pattern (as in England).

One gets the impression that the case was different before the Civil War. There seems to have been a ruling class, based on wealth but consisting of something more, in both the North and the South. These two groups were never able to coalesce—the continent was too big and too rich—and so the Civil War was allowed to happen. (It is worth noting that until this inevitable mistake was made, the American ruling classes did not disdain federal power: the demise of cultured ruling groups is accompanied historically by the rise of private financial government—our dual government is post-Civil War.)

After the great continent-opening conflict, the rule of raw wealth was so free and ferocious that what ruled can hardly

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be called a class at all. In Washington, non-government was enthroned; necessary law and order were supplied eventually by Wall Street. But the result was merely a set of traffic regulations for making money—not a coherent class that could rule the nation. The idea that there is a nation to be ruled, and that this requires a large group of people prepared and willing to do so for reasons beyond crass personal profit, has only recently been revived in the United States. Its revival is one of the outstanding achievements of managerialism to date.

Who Owns It?

If all the wealth of America had been divided equally a few years ago, each citizen—man, woman, and child—would have held $6,000. The opportunity for this thrilling egalitarianism was not taken at the time, and the distribution of wealth (according to W. H. Ferry of the Fund for the Republic) now runs as follows: "As of mid-1959 the poorest one-third of Americans own 1 per cent of the wealth of the United States. The next 23 per cent up the scale owns 5 per cent. Thus, well over half the population owns 6 per cent of the wealth of the United States. The richest 1.6 per cent own nearly one-third of the country's material assets."

In 1953 (based on a study by Robert J. Lampman of the National Bureau of Economic Research), 1,658,795 top wealth-holders held $309.2 billion—30 per cent of the total personal wealth held by 1.04 per cent of the total population. Of special interest for paper-fanciers are the figures on concentration:

> The top group owned at least 80 per cent of the corporate stock held in the personal sector, virtually all of the state and local government bonds, nearly 90 per cent of corporate bonds, and between 10 and 35 per cent of each other type of property. . . .

By inversion, the "other types of property" reveal the kind of holdings spread out among the rest of the population. For example, the 1 per cent on top holds only 12.5 per cent of the real estate and only 5 per cent of the country's pension and retirement funds, and 11.5 per cent of the insurance equity.

For perspective, let's look at the not-so-rich owners. Mutual funds are supposed to be the common man's special area—about $20 billion-plus. A few years ago, representatives of one of the funds offered this financial portrait of the *average* mutual fund investor: besides his $4,100 in mutual funds, he had $8,200 in other securities and $3,300 in a savings bank. (That lets most of us out.)

The question raised by these figures is —Can the nation afford all this paper-frenzy in perpetuity? I would answer, Certainly—if both the membership and the take of our class of paper-rentiers were limited to something like recent levels. But if their numbers and their take continue to grow, the country might well become dangerously top-heavy, with unforeseen but nerve-wracking consequences. We would then be firmed up as a nation of 200 million well-fed house-servants to a few million professional super-consumers.

The charge upon national production of all this old paper is substantial. But whatever our reason for envying the rich, we must not misunderstand them. They are important and influential—wherever they go, and whatever they do. But they are not, in a great dark conspiracy, running the country—as if there were no other sources and kinds of power in the nation. Indeed, they are less important than they have ever been, and increasingly so year by year.

A lot of paper in one package is still a means of control, of course. What I want to suggest now is that the title to it in one person is almost an adventitious circumstance. If what the title-paper controls is big enough, it has to be managed in the same way as a publicly owned corporation or fund.

For the purposes of our property-man-

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agerialism theme, note that the great paper fortunes which in fact remain are substantially in the hands of the managers. I am thinking of more than the big funds that are professionally managed, the trust officers of banks, the lawyers, accountants, investment specialists, foundation managers, and so on. *I am referring to the fact that a Rockefeller is a corporation.* The circumstance that a Mr. Rockefeller may more or less consistently and competently occupy the position of chairman of the board of directors (or even ambitiously start in the shop and work his way up to the top job), is not so all-important as it appears on the surface. Anybody with title to that much property is necessarily institutionalized. Like great movie actresses, they are soon thingified. The best that the individual can hope for is to function effectively, and perhaps even enjoyably, *as chief executive of himself.* Title to such an aggregate of property is just another way, like the institutional control of a managerial clique, of ensuring perpetual re-election as the top executive.

L'état, c'est moi. (Mais moi, je suis une corporation.)

Hothouse Poverty

The American income-picture consists roughly of three panels: (1) several million high-fliers; (2) a growing stratum of consumption-minded middle-level managers, primary beneficiaries of the postwar "income revolution"; and (3) the rest of us. The income curve for (3) begins with a moderate, mannerly decline and ends with an abysmal collapse. Over 32 million people live on less than $50 a week for a family of four and these families include one-fifth of the children and 8 million men and women over sixty-five years.

Out of about 56 million family units in the United States in 1960, half made more than $5,600. At the bottom, we have 7.2 million units with incomes of less than $2,000, which is 13 per cent of all families and unattached individuals. *In 1947,* there were 7.4 million such units surviving on the same $40 a week or less (in 1960 dollars). In uncorrected dollars, GNP better than doubled in those thirteen years: in 1954 dollars, it went from $314 billion in 1945 to $426 billion in 1959. Conclusion? *Over seven million families have benefited not at all from the entire immense postwar boom!* (Or each one that did was replaced by one that didn't.)

I think we must now indulge a concluding moment of pure disgust. In a country of such opulence, it is a morally revolting spectacle to behold the low and even dangerous standards of life of the big minority of citizens at the economic bottom. In his essay on American affluence, J. K. Galbraith noted accurately that economic inequality is no longer the high moral issue it once was in our history. But as the issue ceases to be moral in the old sense, with the old urgency, it becomes an immediate aesthetic issue (or something) on the crest of the fading moral point. Just about everything the poor need is in surplus supply either as existing inventory or productive capacity. This is, then, a *new* form of inhumanity—not any longer the old rich-against-the-poor stand-off. Both the very rich and the very poor have become somewhat irrelevant, outside the mainstream in a power sense. The relevant historical issue is the inhibition of paper-madness and the distribution of the readily available product. We cannot allow ourselves—at the very threshhold of general abundance—to accept the current static moment in society, which is built around the absurd principle of Scarcity Regained. To do so would be as much a literal act of insanity as to unleash the nuclear war.

American families each owned $131.89 of surplus food in 1958—14 bushels of wheat, 21 of corn, 300 pounds of sorghum, a peck of soybeans, a bushel of barley. The government spends over one billion dollars a year just taking care of it for them. *Much of it was harvested by our migrant labor families who desperately need their share of it.*

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EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG

NEO-FREUDIANISM & ERICH FROMM

OF ALL THE psychoanalytic theorists who have tried to formulate a system better suited than Freud's to problems of contemporary life, none has been more productive or influential than Erich Fromm. No psychoanalytic thinker approaches him in the power or consistency of his effort to apply the values and insights that derive from his position as a therapist to major social and political issues, from the nature of human liberty in general to the prevention of atomic disaster in particular. Only Fromm, among the neo-Freudians of international repute, has had no medical training; this is perhaps one reason why his approach to the neurotic personality in a sick society has been moral and committed, rather than detached and empirical. The texture of his thought is really more like that of Martin Buber than of Freud.

Fromm has become to a degree both the conscience of the psychoanalytic movement and its most articulate and consistent advocate of social policy. Nevertheless, and surprisingly, he cannot really be said to have become a controversial figure. Disagreement and sometimes snide criticism there have certainly been,* as well as occasional complaints by classical Freudians that Fromm is either really repeating what Freud has already said—as, of course, anybody writing about psychoanalysis often must—or is wrong. But there has been rather less of this sort of thing than so prominent a lay analyst might expect; especially in view of his great and sustained success as a popular writer.

Yet, it is not so simple to pin down exactly where his uniqueness lies. Fromm is not a great creator of systematic doctrine. He has been notable rather for his continued assertion, in a variety of contexts, of a few fundamental moral ideas drawn from and supported by his experience as a psychoanalyst. These moral ideas are of fundamental and immediate concern to all who share the modern, technically developed world; if, as Fromm maintains, man may prevail to create a better one, Fromm's influence and intellectual attraction might well diminish sharply. The sacrifice would be worth making.

To understand Fromm's *raison d'être*, both as a scholar and an institution, it is therefore even more necessary than usual to look at the social context in which his thought has developed and to ask what changes in the human condition since Freud's high period have made the neo-Freudian revision in general, and Fromm's version of it in particular, a practical necessity. Fromm was born in Frankfort in

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* I find John H. Schaar's *Escape From Authority* (Basic Books, 1961) unbearably snide, even though I agree with many of his conclusions.

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1900; his first popular work, *Escape from Freedom* (called *The Fear of Freedom* in Britain) was published in 1941. It has been followed by *Man for Himself* (1947), the publication of his Terry Lectures on *Psychoanalysis and Religion* (1950), *The Sane Society* (1955), *The Art of Loving* (1956), *The Forgotten Language* (1957), *Sigmund Freud's Mission: An Analysis of his Personality and Influence* (1959), *Psychoanalysis and Zen Buddhism* (with Daisetz Suzuki and Richard de Martino, 1960), *Marx's Concept of Man* (1961), and, most recently, *May Man Prevail?* (1961).

THE CHRONOLOGY alone is suggestive. America's malaise in the position of power and responsibility it has occupied since Pearl Harbor has become a cliché, but it is also a fact. These years, and those of the Great Depression that World War II, in true Marxian style, finally terminated, brought about the changes in social climate in the United States that made classical Freudianism seem obsolete and neo-Freudianism flourish. Erich Fromm shared these years with us. Having taken his Ph.D. at Heidelberg in 1922 and begun training at the Berlin Institute for Psychoanalysis in 1923, he returned to Frankfort and became associated in 1929 with the Psychoanalytic Institute and the Institute for Social Research of the University there. The Institute for Social Research is best known to Americans as the organization from which the leading German social scientists, driven into exile, ultimately came to America where they produced the landmark investigation of *The Authoritarian Personality*.* Fromm, however, came in 1933 in response to an invitation to lecture at the Chicago Institute of Psychoanalysis, and has remained in this country, occupying highly respected positions in the psychoanalytic institutes associated with the neo-Freudian schools of both Karen Horney and Harry Stack Sullivan. In 1951, he accepted a professorship in the Universidad Nacional Autónoma de México which he still holds, dividing his time between Mexico, Michigan State University, and short-term lecture courses at the New School for Social Research and New York University.

Fromm's personal experience with the remarkable moral potentialities of Western capitalist democracy not only includes participation—as a lifelong democratic socialist of no particular party affiliation—in the circumstances of German life that culminated in the rise of Nazism; it also includes participation in our own economic collapse and later reluctance to accept responsibility for our victories in terms more profound than those of nuclear dominance and resistance against Communism. His participation, moreover, has remained sufficiently marginal to permit him to look at his world somewhat as if he were down there on a visit. No social scientist has been more outspoken politically than Fromm, especially in his most recent work and pronouncements. But his capacity to consider social and economic trends in the light of their humanistic consequences seems to have made Fromm especially perceptive of their concreteness. Hitler and McCarthy were not only totally loathsome to him; they were the predictable consequences of the social and psychological trends that constituted his central concerns and the basis for his life work. Fromm, unlike most of Hitler's and McCarthy's potential victims, attached sufficient importance to what they threatened to gain foresight; he saw them coming, and had established a defensible base elsewhere before they arrived. This is to his credit; yet in reading Fromm, as in reading Buber, one is sometimes a little troubled by a feeling that the psychological and moral systems they have erected—though noble and complex—suffer a certain loss of authority and detail of feeling from their comparative exclusion from the tragic events of our time.

Fromm's basic patterns of thought

* T. W. Adorno and Others, Harper, 1950.

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are intensely Jewish;* he himself remained Orthodox to the age of twenty-six. Specifically, his central concern is with the social and psychological processes in human beings that destroy their productivity; and with the alternative ways in which people might grow if society gave them a fair chance to become capable of love and productive life. He is, however, justifiably skeptical of both the power and the inclination of secular authority to further the ends of love and human justice, and for this reason has been a consistent and vocal opponent of Zionism, which he sees as a most unfavorable exchange of moral authority for secular power.

The waste of human potentiality under the social and economic conditions of modern life is a common theme to the neo-Freudians, as is the conception that more benign social arrangements are possible.† The new social arrangements envisaged are, at least implicitly, more liberal, though the neo-Freudians vary greatly in their degree of explicit concern with social institutions. My own choice for the greatest of the neo-Freudians, Harry Stack Sullivan, sticks close to the clinical context in his writings, though his *Interpersonal Theory of Psychiatry* and other work makes it clear that he attributes failures in individual development to the eclipse of genuine interpersonal relations by anxiety. For Sullivan, what he calls "arrest of development" is then also a failure in socialization; though he never presents as Fromm and Horney did a typology of such failures that—like Fromm's "receptive," "exploitative," "hoarding," and "marketing" orientations of character—can be attributed to specific institutional traits of our society.

But it is here that a subtle yet crucial issue begins to separate Freudian thought from that of the neo-Freudians, and perhaps of Fromm most of all. The issue also explains, I believe, why the chronology of Erich Fromm's life and publication has had a great deal to do with his success. It is hard to imagine that, prior to 1941, many Americans would have seen Fromm's thoughts as relevant to any very serious problems we faced. During the depression, by and large, we did not take any form of psychoanalytic thought to have serious social implications, but tended to dismiss it as a rich man's toy. Whatever defects of character the rich might have, the poor were seen simply as the victims of their failure, as healthy and even noble, but betrayed. Chatterley may have been a neurotic; Mellors was a natural man. The Joads, surely, could never have had a daughter like Lolita.

World War II and its aftermath put an end to this sort of sentimentality, at least as an effective intellectual force. Nazism had its Thyssens, but it was clearly rooted in the hearts of the common people as well as of the rich and the bourgeoisie. In this country, racial hatreds, the paranoid suspicions aroused by the Communist label, and worst of all, the apathy and alienation with which many failed to respond to the destruction of their neighbors and of presumably cherished civil rights, made it very clear that people in general were not merely entrapped by wicked leaders in evil institutions, but had badly deteriorated in a captivity that had been imposed with their partial consent. The shoddiness and dominance of mass culture expressed an emptiness and hostility in which everyone was implicated.

Such grisly phenomena could hardly be explained by any theory of individual psychopathology. They required, instead, a kind of social psychology which retained its psychodynamic character: its concern with the effect on individual growth, in all its complexity and uniqueness, of ubiquitous social conditions. Here Fromm's conception (as stated in *The Sane Society*) of

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* See Jakob J. Petuchowski's "Erich Fromm's Midrash on Love," COMMENTARY, December 1956.

† Martin Birnbach, *Neo-Freudian Social Philosophy* (Stanford University Press, 1961) is a superb and intellectually dexterous source on this.

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the "socially patterned defect" is essential:

> There is, however, an important difference between individual and social mental illness, which suggests a differentiation between two concepts; that of *defect,* and that of *neurosis.* If a person fails to attain freedom, spontaneity, a genuine expression of self, he may be considered to have a severe defect, provided we assume that freedom and spontaneity are the objective goals to be attained by every human being. If such a goal is not attained by the majority of members of any given society, we deal with the phenomenon of *socially patterned defect.* The individual shares it with many others; he is not aware of it as a defect, and his security is not threatened by the experience of being different, of being an outcast, as it were. What he may have lost in richness and in a genuine feeling of happiness, is made up by the security of fitting in with the rest of mankind—*as he knows them.* As a matter of fact, his very defect may have been raised to a virtue by his culture, and thus may give him an enhanced feeling of achievement.

This paragraph seems to me to be the cornerstone of Fromm's position. What all his work deals with essentially is: (1) an appraisal of the loveless economic nexus that links modern men, and of the Nessusary fabric of their social relationships; (2) an analysis of the psychodynamic impact of these relationships on individual growth toward the goals of freedom and spontaneity; and (3) more recently, an examination of certain factors in the current situation that might help us to achieve them, ranging from Zen Buddhism to disarmament and sanity in foreign policy. Fromm offers no panaceas and, indeed, no systematic social theory; but he is consistent in his insistence that modern life makes it impossible to maintain love and disciplined spontaneity as common human experiences, and that deprivation of these causes such widespread deformation and stultification as may well lead us to put ourselves out of our misery and into that which the next war will leave in its place. In *May Man Prevail?* he offers specific and very sensible suggestions for political action intended to make peace and world preservation more likely, and he tries to pitch these suggestions at the modest level of sanity of which our society may still be capable.

Fromm adverts to the conflict between his thought and Freud's through much of his work as well, of course, as in *Sigmund Freud's Mission.* But I am not convinced that he ever gets to the bottom of it. The source of conflict may be approached by starting from the phrase in *The Sane Society* I have already quoted: "provided we assume that freedom and spontaneity are the objective goals to be attained by every human being." This assumption is absolutely central to Fromm's position; and I think Freud would have been sadly amused by it. The just old man who commented, after the storm troopers had despoiled his apartment in Vienna, that he himself would never have dared charge quite so much for a single professional visit, might have felt that it did not express his world view.

THE DIFFERENCE between Freud and Fromm is not really a disagreement, but a different moral reaction to the nature of society. And both may be right, because the moral relation of the individual to society did in fact change crucially in the two generations that separated them. Freud at eighty could face the storm troopers secure in the conviction, built up over a lifetime of hard struggle, that man and society are two tough adversaries who can still respect each other's dignity. The Nazis must have seemed to him a contemptible, though not an astonishing, aberration. Fromm, at thirty-five, would have known that Freud was extrapolating the 19th century too far. The Nazis were not an aberration; there was no longer anything effective in Germany, and not much in Western culture, to which they might be scornfully contrasted. They were not an aberration; they were a miscarriage.

Freud would not have assumed that

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freedom and spontaneity are the objective goals to be attained by every human being; because he had already made the prior assumption that these values are *partially* mortgaged under the terms of the social contract that is presumed to safeguard the individual in his enjoyment of the residue of freedom and spontaneity left him. This is the central theme of *Civilization and Its Discontents*. In this respect, Freud is a pure Hobbesian. But if a state of nature provides no arts, no letters, no society, and, what is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death, and the life of man is solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short; then how shall we describe the contrasting civilization of Auschwitz?

A cheerful but not an optimistic man, Freud was certainly under no illusion that society or, indeed, reality is benign. He takes no position in *Civilization and Its Discontents* as to whether the game is worth the candle; he merely points out that it cannot be played in the dark and the individual must pay what the candle costs. His toughly compassionate reservations about using psychoanalysis to treat working-class patients suggest that he felt that, for most individuals, the candle really did cost more than the game would be worth; and that people who in reality had very little opportunity to lead richer lives might better be left with their defenses and illusions. Freud knew that the social contract was too hard a bargain for most of the people who were subject to it, and that they would have very little freedom and spontaneity left after meeting its terms. What he may not quite have grasped as Fromm did, was that we had entered an era in which society was dominated by people whose sense of self is so weak that they cannot be trusted to keep even those bargains that are grossly to their advantage; so that no social contract is possible.

This explains, I think, why it is so difficult to respond to Fromm's assumption with freedom, spontaneity, and joy of one's own. We do not make this assumption freely ourselves; we come to it as to a counsel of despair. Freedom, spontaneity, and a genuine feeling of self are not goals, and none become redder of tooth and claw than those who pursue them as if they were. They are—as Fromm, of course, emphasizes throughout his work—conditions, attributes, consequences; not the ends of growth and love, but the evidence that the processes of growth and love are going along reasonably well. In a society that establishes conditions in which they go conspicuously badly one struggles in agony to achieve them, just as respiration rate rises dramatically during a heart attack, in an effort to compensate for the inability of the blood stream to carry oxygen to the tissues by forcing more oxygen into the blood.

THIS IS not meant as a criticism of Fromm's position, but as an explanation of the insuperable difficulties it faces; and also of one reason why his work does not seem to me as joyful or exuberant as Freud's is, in its own grim way; though its message is surely "be joyful or perish." Fromm does not underestimate the difficulties. His social criticism is radical; and it is certainly most appropriate and even perhaps helpful for a psychoanalyst deeply concerned with the failure of society to sustain growth and love to plan in some detail for a better one. His understanding of the plight of modern man seems to me nearly flawless. But I think he then reifies from his analysis of that plight the qualities that would be necessary to extricate man from it, even though we have got into it precisely because these qualities do not operate in the kind of situation we are in.

More specifically, I think, Fromm makes an unanswerable case for the existence in all men of very strong tendencies toward free and spontaneous growth; the same tendencies toward health, undoubtedly, that Carl Rogers and the client-centered therapists have found so dependably present in even the sickest patient when the therapeutic situation permits him to lower his defenses. Fromm is per-

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fectly right in emphasizing that what is repressed into the unconscious and forced to manifest itself in sickness and in symbols is, in our culture, as likely to be the patient's most constructive and expansive tendencies as it is any impulse that he would be afraid or ashamed of. He is right in noting that the guilt against which we defend ourselves by repression is today more likely to be the existential guilt of having betrayed our best selves than any fear we may have of our worst. Dr. Jekyll's problem is no longer Mr. Hyde, but the way he really feels about himself for going ahead and joining the AMA anyway.

The trouble is that when the social contract weakens or lapses, restrictive though it may have been, people cease to believe that doctors are *bound* to care for the sick, or stockbrokers to abstain from manipulating the market, or ethical drug manufacturers to manufacture drugs ethically. If they don't—well, that's the way the self crumbles. And under these circumstances, there is hardly a chance that freedom and spontaneity will come to be associated with a genuine sense of self. There is no reason to suppose that people are less honest than they used to be; this is merely one of the delusions associated with Goldwater fever. In fact, the rogue on a heroic scale has disappeared along with the other heroes, to be replaced by a collective administrative policy. But we do seem to be shiftier than people used to be; less able or less inclined to assume responsibility for the outcomes of the processes we take part in. The corporate form, the professional organization, and the committee are far more sophisticated and effective at concealing the reality of a decision than the blank cartridge traditionally placed in the musket of one member of a firing squad.

IF WE CANNOT trust our commitments to our social roles, we are thrown back upon ourselves as individuals; but our selves are weaker than they would have grown to be in a less shifty and impersonal social order. It has been rather widely noted by practicing analysts that, since the time of Freud, there has been a major change in the kind of difficulty that brings patients into therapy. There is now a much smaller proportion of hysterical or obsessive-compulsive neuroses, and a much larger proportion of what are called "character disorders." What this means, among other things, is that a far larger proportion of Freud's patients than of those of a contemporary analyst felt their symptoms to be ego-alien; felt, that is, that they had a self of their own to which the symptoms were alien. They came to Freud to have their real self restored, and this is what he undertook. Their paralyzed leg, their terror of horses, their impotence were somehow *not like them at all.* They were, of course, deceiving themselves, and could only be helped by being brought to face their own deceptions. But the point is that they had a self to deceive—a self that was much more real to them than their symptoms, and whose life the symptoms had disturbed.

But a character-neurotic does not feel his problem to be the intrusion of the repressed upon an otherwise functional, established self. His whole life is a symptom; he is miserable, not because his symptoms make him so, but because they interfere with his perception of reality and keep him from getting the satisfactions he needs. He is not exactly fooling himself; his self is still immanent. This, to be sure, is exactly Fromm's point in noting that the character structure which develops in interaction with social institutions like ours suffers from its very incapacity for freedom, spontaneity, and love. Moreover, he is perfectly consistent in then seeking the roots of the difficulty in an unwholesome society, rather than attempting merely to treat the individuals who have been, and will continue to be, its victims.

But the sick society is, of course, an expression of the present needs, accommodations, concessions, and mutual arrangements of its victims in their present state; all there is to work with is what we are

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now. Fromm is right in maintaining that those who fear freedom, however numerous, are gravely ill and have usually been gravely mistreated. But this does not make it less likely that they will atrociously mishandle freedom. It makes it more likely.

This is a political issue of the first priority; though, perhaps, no question of fundamental policy is involved. I do not believe that one man or one social group "gives" freedom to another; morally, it is not his to give or withhold; and, practically, he usually does withhold it as long as he can profitably remain dominant—and no longer. What is presented as a decision to abdicate, or grant national sovereignty, or extend the franchise is usually a belated rationalization of social and economic changes that occurred some time before; there has been an interaction of social forces, but not a decision. Moreover, these forces bear no consistent relationship whatever to the moral issues involved or thought to be involved. Since the world is even now rational enough that people who have a great deal of anything which is difficult to get and hold on to usually must want it badly—the converse of this statement is emphatically false—then the power elites of most societies are quite probably even sicker than the people they dominate; since power over others and enormous wealth are not greatly coveted by healthy people. This reasoning tends to support the moral implications of Fromm's position, since even the sickest and most frightened or truculent slaves are likely to be more rational and healthier than those who would willingly have reduced them to such a condition.

Nevertheless, if a French restaurateur with a family business in Oran, or a white Southern bus driver were to complain to me that he had been feeling a little nervous lately, I think I should be inclined to sympathize. And I am not sure that I would recommend Erich Fromm's work to him in order to get him to look forward more enthusiastically to the joys of general liberation and spontaneity. Liberation and spontaneity are more valuable than anything else I could name; and more of them for one individual means more for all, rather than less, which is a desirable property in itself. But they can be very costly, too; especially if large increments of them come to be distributed in strange and unwieldy ways in a society that is unfamiliar with them in these particular forms.

EVEN MORALLY—as well as practically—the restoration of freedom and growth is not a simple issue. For me, the perfect paradigm of Fromm's work is *The Tempest*. Many of his subtlest and most telling points are illustrated in Shakespeare's treatment of both character and incident. It is wholly Frommian, for example, that we should see Ariel as just as much a victim as Caliban; though Prospero thinks that he loves the one and hates the other, he uses both for his own purposes and permits neither his own freedom to develop. Ariel, in some ways, is worse off. For he knows that he wishes to be free but does not question even in his own mind Prospero's assertion that he is being treated lovingly. Caliban at least snarls back and plots revenge, though in his pathetic dependency and need for affection he sets the drunken Trinculo and his fellows up as objects of worship and mistakes his bondage to them for freedom from Prospero.

Explicit in *The Tempest* is the power of human love to resist enchantment and delusion—the healthy mortality of Ferdinand and Miranda, who are not really a very intelligent young couple, is enough in the end to induce Prospero to abjure magic in favor of rational authority; not for their sake but for his own. In the epilogue he can say: "Now my charms are all o'erthrown/And what strength I have's mine own," and return to Milan to claim his just heritage as Duke. *Rational authority*, in contrast to authority based on pretense, charisma, or intimidation, is a very positive concept on which Fromm places great emphasis. The power to dis-

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tinguish and accept rational authority, based on the authoritative individual's actual competence and derived from his responsibility to use his competence for mutual social benefit, is for Fromm an important sign of maturity.

For just this reason, *The Tempest* seems to me to illustrate the limitations of Fromm's position, so far as it has yet evolved, as well as its subtlety and strength. For Caliban's tragedy is not really softened when the play ends. Prospero's magic is enough to enslave Caliban; but once he has done it his own reversion to rationality and growth cannot free Caliban again. Slavery and degradation are not reversible experiences.

The actual parallels are a bit too close to modern life for comfort:

Caliban: This island's mine, by
Sycorax my mother
Which thou takest from me. When
thou camest first,
Thou strokedst me and madest
much of me, wouldst give me
Water with berries in't, and
teach me how
To name the bigger light, and
how the less,
That burn by day and night; and
then I loved thee
And showed thee all the qualities
of the isle
The fresh springs, brine-pits,
barren place and fertile:
Cursed be I that did so! . . .
For I am all the subjects
that you have
Which first was mine own king:
and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you
do keep from me
The rest o' the island.

Prospero: Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kind-
ness! I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care,
and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou
didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Caliban: O ho, O ho: would't
had been done!
Thou dids't prevent me; I had
peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Prospero: Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness
wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I
pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak,
taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou
dids't not, savage
Know thine own meaning, but
wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd
thy purposes
With words that made them known.
But thy vile race,
Though thou dids't learn, had
that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with;
therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

In the end, of course, Prospero does free Caliban; that is, he tells him he is free, and leaves him on the island that once was his. "I'll be wise hereafter," Caliban pledges, "and seek for grace." Prospero departs with his daughter and handsome son-in-law, for Milan. A more prophetic Shakespeare might, perhaps, have made him Duke of Brussels.

NEITHER FROMM NOR any other qualified therapist would take Caliban's pledge as reliable evidence that the goals of therapy had been achieved; though, in any case, if we turn a child into a monster by mistreating him we certainly have no right to justify our continued mistreatment as self-defense. If we treat one another in such a way as to turn human beings into Furies, we must learn to live together as Furies, though it isn't a very rich life. But the problem remains. Let us grant that the impulse to growth, love, and freedom in human beings is more basic than the impulse to evil, perversity, and fixation, in the sense that it appears earlier and would never be replaced by darkness and stagnation if love and freedom were accepted and cherished in our society in-

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stead of exposing the child to rejection, anxiety, and pain. More basic does not necessarily mean stronger, or even in the long run, preponderant. Caliban and Ariel are Prospero's victims; at their worst, they are not as bad as he is in the full panoply of his sorcery. When he leaves, they are better off without him. But they will never be what they might have if he hadn't happened to them. They may transcend the experience, use it to grow on, and be greater, but they may also turn on each other and destroy the island in impotence, terror, and hatred. Most likely, they will handle their fear of freedom by trying to be as much like him as possible, which will prevent them from making the island their own. Caliban may yet people the isle; but his eldest son will be named Prospero.

At bottom Fromm seems to me to be a Manichean. Manicheanism is the most appealing of the ancient Alexandrian heresies, and there is probably no more reason for a Jew to avoid it than any other part of the friendly persuasion of Christianity. But it certainly makes him very different from Freud. Manicheanism is complicated, but Rebecca West in *St. Augustine* adequately states the central point at issue:

> The myth . . . has grandeur and profundity. Light and darkness, good and evil, are the same pair under different names . . . Mani . . . being an artist . . . gave the kingdom of light a personal ruler who was God, and put the kingdom of darkness under the lordship of Satan and his angels.
>
> For long the two kingdoms were unaware of each other. Then Satan made war on the kingdom of light, and God begat Primal Man on his consort to be His champion and defender. But Primal Man was vanquished and thrown into captivity. God himself then took the field, routed evil, and released the captive. But meanwhile there had been wrought a malicious and not easily reparable confusion of the two kingdoms. Seeds of darkness had been scattered widely in the soils of light, innumerable seeds of light found themselves sown deeply in the darkness. These elements must be sorted and returned to their own. For this purpose the universe was created. It is planned as a means of deliverance for the stolen particles of light. . . . On earth man plays out a peculiar drama of the division. He is the work of Satan, who placed in his dark substance all the particles of light he could steal, so that he could control them. Man is, therefore, a house divided against itself. . . . When all the particles of light are liberated the kingdom of light will be perfected, the good angels who maintain the present universe will withdraw the prop of their power from it, and it will collapse into fiery nothingness.

Nothing goes quite as planned; and there is some reason to believe that the good angels may be going ahead with the final stages of their program before the earlier ones have been quite completed. To this, Fromm strongly objects. But his doctrine still falls afoul of the basic theological objection to Manicheanism; which is that it implies that God and Satan are evenly matched, and that the outcome of the struggle between them is, in effect, the responsibility of man. If man can overcome the division in himself and fulfill his Primal nature, light will triumph. Since even heretics mean God to win in the end, Manicheanism, in effect, *demands* a greater optimism about the nature of man than the record, at the time Augustine was fighting it, seemed to warrant. Sixteen hundred years later, it still does.

Optimism is not a very sound basis for love; love is not love . . . which bends with the remover to remove. Love, too, is partly a dark business; mastery of the art of loving leads lovers to accept each other as wholes and as ends in themselves. They delight in their mutual growth; but they do not expect it—lovers are not much concerned about the future. They do each other evil, and hurt each other, too; but they do not forgive or accept each other's faults; for a whole cannot accept one of its own parts. Love grows, but it does not progress. Paolo and Francesca go to Hell together; but not to White Sands Proving Ground. Love and Life never triumph, and are never wholly defeated; they just *are,* and being is not a form of strategy.

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ROBERT V. DANIELS

WHAT THE RUSSIANS MEAN

THE PREVAILING IMAGE of the Soviet Union and its aims among American publicists and politicians is that of a single-minded international conspiracy, guided step by step by the writings of Marx and Lenin and determined to establish by force a world-wide revolutionary Communist dictatorship. This image is fundamentally wrong and a danger to intelligent policy-making. Its source, of course, is understandable: the profoundly misleading self-portrait expressed in Communist doctrine.

By contrast, a good many of the more sophisticated observers tend to the opposite extreme. They are aware of the falsity of the Communist ideology, and they therefore assume that the Communist leaders themselves do not believe in it, but only use it cynically for propaganda or camouflage while pursuing their Machiavellian goals of power and national expansion. Though more realistic, such a view still cannot account for the pervasive presence of ideology in Soviet life and Soviet official thinking. Moreover, the often proposed in-between interpretation, that Communism operates with short-run tactical flexibility but within the guidelines of strategy and objectives firmly laid down by Marxist-Leninist doctrine, is also inadequate when considered against the background of Soviet history. What has been generally overlooked, in all such thinking about the Soviet Union, is the fact of substantial change in the meaning and role of the Marxist doctrine itself. Marxism is manifested in everything the Communists say and do, but it does not enter into policy *except* in the short run. Theory is utilized by the Communist leadership to justify their power and policies, and its meaning is periodically reinterpreted to this end. Theory, in Communism, does not determine the nature of action; action determines the meaning of theory.

* * *

It is not surprising that the American public harbors so distorted a view of what Marxist doctrine actually means: the Communist movement itself has a deep vested interest in spreading such distortion. The writings of Marx and Engels offer no plan or timetable of revolution. They represent an analysis of history that purports to show where and when revolution of a certain type is likely or natural. On the role that leadership and aggressive planning might play, Marx and Engels were ambiguous; they urged action, but were also sure that economic conditions would impel the working class, willy-nilly, to revolution. They envisaged democratic as well as violent paths to socialism and more than once warned against the working class becoming the victim of its own leaders. The aspirations expressed by Marxism have

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been widely influential in recent decades, but as a system of social theory Marxism does not really explain much of recent history or the nature of Soviet Communism.

Aside from occasional expressions of hope in the "workers of the world, unite" vein, Marx wrote very little on international revolution. The notion of a sweeping, coordinated world revolution was invented much later by Lenin and Trotsky, in their attempt to rationalize Russia's place in the general Marxist scheme. Their problem, familiar to all students of Marxism, was that Russia, in the 1900's still in the early stages of industrialization, was regarded as too backward for a proletarian revolution. But the impatient Russian Marxists who rallied around Lenin would not consider languishing under capitalism until the West had led the way toward socialism. They contrived the argument that a workers' uprising in Russia would set off what Trotsky called the "permanent revolution," sweeping the whole of Europe into advanced proletarian socialism.

This was not Marxism: it was a revival of the peculiar faith in the Russian national mission which in the 19th century had gripped both revolutionaries and Czarists. The famous Russian agrarian socialist Alexander Herzen had been the foremost proponent of the belief that Russia's spirit of total revolution and uncorrupted "communal principle" would show Europe the path to socialism. And Dostoevsky spoke for the conservative nationalists when he wrote in his diary:

> Our great Russia, at the head of the united Slavs, will utter to the world her new . . . and as yet unheard word. That word will be uttered for the good and genuine unification of mankind as a whole in a new, brotherly, universal union whose inception is derived from the Slavic genius. . . .

The question can well be raised why the Russian revolutionaries subscribed to Marxism instead of some of the older direct-action messianic Russian philosophies. The answer seems to lie in the psychological appeal which Marxism had as a pseudo-science of inevitable revolution. As Adam Ulam has brilliantly shown in *The Unfinished Revolution,* Marxism's strongest emotional impact is characteristically found not in the advanced industrial countries to which the theory primarily applies, but rather in areas which are just beginning to experience the upsets of industrialization and Westernization. And here its main support is not the industrial workers but the intellectuals and the "intellectual proletariat" of uprooted Westernized students and ex-students. So it was in Russia of the 1900's.

It is vital to understand this: that at the very outset Soviet Communism had a relation to Marxist doctrine that was emotional rather than logical. As a quasi-religion rather than a scientific program, the real nature of the movement was neither expressed nor determined by the Marxist doctrine. There is, in fact, no reason to regard the Russian Revolution as the one predicted by Marx, or to accept the Soviet regime as a representative of the future he had in mind. Marxism was of little value to the Russian Communists in consummating their revolution or in deciding practical questions of either foreign or domestic policy afterward. It has served them solely as a fount of righteousness and a store of quotations which could make hastily improvised policies look like doctrinal obligations.

II

THE PARTING OF THE ways between Communist theory and practice began early in 1918 with the question of either making peace with Germany or proclaiming a revolutionary war. The hot-heads maintained that anything less than an anti-bourgeois crusade was a betrayal of the international revolution; but Lenin, in order to buy time and spare the Soviet government, insisted on giving in to the German terms at Brest-Litvosk. He expected world revolution from one month to the next, but would take no steps in-

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volving an immediate risk to the Soviet regime. As Alfred Meyer shows in his penetrating study, *Leninism,* this established the basic Soviet strategic doctrine which has remained in effect ever since—Russia is the "hearth" or citadel of world revolution; no revolution independent of Russia is worthy of the name; if Russia falls, the revolution is lost; as long as Russia stands, the revolution has a chance in the future; therefore take no risks with Russia's security; use revolution when it strengthens Russia; sacrifice extensions of the revolution in the short run if they jeopardize Russia's immediate security. Stalin said in 1927, "The USSR is the base of the world revolutionary movement, and to defend, to advance this revolutionary movement is impossible without defending the USSR."

SINCE 1917, Russian Communism has undergone a profound internal evolution—not surprising in the light of our knowledge of the history of revolutions and the impact of modern industrial life on backward societies. What we observe in Soviet Russia is the simultaneous development of post-revolutionary despotism (like that of Bonaparte and Hitler) and the accelerated industrial revolution. The two processes have interacted and mutually accentuated each other, with Stalin serving as the unique personal catalyst.

The fact of a major historical change in the nature and purposes of the Communist system has of course been constantly obscured by the Communist use of fixed ideological terms to describe the system. Communism uses Marxism as "ideology" in the invidious sense which Marx himself gave the word—a system of "illusions" or "false consciousness" that serves to give the appearance of absolute truth and justice to a particular form of class domination and exploitation. Who dominates and who exploits in the Communist system that we know? Marxism is much too narrow to give a meaningful answer about this, but a good deal of truth is contained in such neo-Marxist views as James Burnham's theory of the "Managerial Revolution" and Milovan Djilas' indictment of the "New Class." Both of these writers, expanding on Trotsky's earlier argument (in *The Revolution Betrayed* of 1936), see the Communist system as one in which a new class of managers or party officials has supplanted the bourgeoisie and goes on exploiting the masses through its monopoly of administrative or political power.

This historical development was personified by Stalin, though quite unintentionally. Stalin will long be the subject of speculation by the psychoanalysts of history. He evidently coupled an intense drive for power and personal vindication with heavy dependence on justification by higher authority, together with complete tactical unscrupulousness. These qualifications made him useful to Lenin in the Communist party organization. In 1922 he was made General Secretary of the party, and was then well on his road to power.

When Lenin died in 1924 Stalin's path to power was still blocked by a galaxy of Communist stars who shone more brightly than he, especially in their grasp of theory and their reputations in the world-wide Communist movement. Stalin joined the alliance against Trotsky, whose brilliance threatened most of his colleagues. During the bitter controversy between the leadership and the Trotskyist opposition that went on until 1927, the Trotskyists tried to use Marxist doctrine to prove that Stalin & Co. were leading the country down an un-socialist path. It was clear that the Russian "spark" had failed to ignite immediate world revolution. Since Russia was backward and could not be socialist without the support of the world revolution—so the argument went—what was Soviet Russia actually becoming now?

Stalin's reply was a clever though casuistical twist of doctrine—his famous "Theory of Socialism in One Country." He searched back in Lenin's collected works and discovered one quotation which, taken out of context, could be in-

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terpreted to mean that Russia might achieve socialism first and independently of the more advanced countries. Though all the rest of Lenin was permeated with the assumption that Russian socialism depended on world revolution, Stalin and his associates demanded acceptance of the new view as established doctrine. They denounced all objectors for "lack of faith."

THE ISSUE WAS not, as is so often thought, whether to push the international revolution actively. Neither of the Russian factions had any compunctions about this, though in practice both were cautious. The controversy revolved around the use of theory as a weapon in factional politics and the Stalinists' patent fabrication of a new theoretical line to suit their immediate political purposes.

Stalin's stance implied the necessity for strict thought control within the Communist party, as well as outside it. And this requirement still prevails in the Communist system: a Communist has no more freedom in discussing Marxism than a non-party Soviet citizen has to attack it. Secondly, Stalin's technique of manipulating theory meant that the fixity of doctrine was destroyed, since the line on what the theory originally meant was changed to fit each new political situation.

Stalin's personal dictatorship became a reality in 1928 and 1929, when, after expelling Trotsky's Left Opposition from the Communist party, he turned against Nikolai Bukharin and the Right Opposition and defeated them as well. At the same time he initiated some of the basic policies which have characterized the Communist system ever since: the intensive industrialization drives of the Five Year Plans; the complete nationalization of industry and trade; the collectivization of the peasants; the extension of totalitarian controls from politics to all areas of thought and culture.

To understand Stalin it is important to know how he arrived at most of these policies—not through theory, nor through objective analysis of the problems he faced, but mainly through political feel. His immediate concern was to defeat Bukharin, and this made him interested in proposals that would provoke the Bukharin group into open opposition where they could be defeated. To this end Stalin repeatedly intensified the industrialization and collectivization drive to the point where the Bukharinists shuddered in fear and protested his "military-feudal exploitation" of the country. The result was a period of turmoil, privation, and famine. Yet in all this Stalin had stumbled upon the formula which in later decades was to give Communism its great relevance to the countries of Eastern Europe and Asia: the planned and disciplined drive to convert backward peasant societies into modern industrial lands by the combined methods of socialism and Oriental despotism.

As Stalin's industrialization drive went into full swing, he was led to measures of tighter control and further policy revision, which he probably had not himself anticipated. The most striking feature of this period was Stalin's repudiation of most of the social experiments and cultural innovations that had stirred so much worldwide interest in the Soviet regime during its first decade. Equal wages, progressive education, free love, modern art, and the economic interpretation of history, among other things, were all officially condemned between 1931 and 1936. Confusingly, they were condemned on the grounds of being "petty-bourgeois," while the conservative standards which Stalin now demanded were represented as the true Marxist line. Whatever his merits in the abstract, the point is that Stalin was radically revising everything Communism actually stood for in the way of ultimate goals and values, while he retained the literal Marxist faith —and intensified his totalitarian methods. As for the "dictatorship of the proletariat," it became pure myth when all political favoritism toward genuine proletarians was finally abandoned, and Soviet society settled down under a permanent hierarchy of officials and technicians.

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III

STALIN'S POLICIES TOWARD the outside world evidenced almost as great a change in the 1930's as his domestic policy. By 1933 he was justifiably alarmed over the German and Japanese threat to his regime, and in 1934–35 he enunciated a complete about-face. Instead of defying the capitalist world he would seek alliances, and the Communist parties everywhere would suspend their propaganda of revolution in order to enter into political alliances with any "anti-Fascist" forces. These, of course, were the celebrated lines of "Collective Security" and the "Popular Front," which represented nearly the final step in subordinating international proletarian revolution to the requirements of Soviet diplomacy.

In 1936, Roy Howard, the newspaperman, asked Stalin, "Has the Soviet Union to any degree abandoned its plans or intentions for bringing about a world revolution?" and Stalin replied, "We never had such plans and intentions." Since the Popular Front, Communism has never returned to the old frank call for the dictatorship of the proletariat. The appeals are devious—to reformism, nationalism, anti-fascism—all to the end not of a working class ideal but of Soviet power. For internal consumption, Stalin revived the virtues of nationalism, banned any anti-nationalist treatment of Russian history, and gave the go-ahead to the cultural Russification of the national minorities.

In view of the vastness of the policy changes which he felt compelled to make, Stalin was hard put to sustain belief in either his practical wisdom or his theoretical correctness. Covert opposition grew, even among his own party officials, and Stalin's suspicion mounted to the point of outright paranoia. The upshot was the Great Purge of 1936–38, in which hundreds of thousands of party leaders and government officials lost their lives or were deported to forced-labor camps.

With such methods of direct totalitarian repression Stalin was able to destroy every challenge to his power inside Russia. In the Communist movement outside Russia, he could not impose his authority so easily, but he could take steps—particularly in Spain—to see that Communists with personal prestige and theoretical sophistication did not achieve independent power in regions beyond his direct control. The Communist refugees from other countries living in Russia almost all disappeared in the Great Purge. It is plausible to believe, as George Kennan writes in *Russia and the West*, that

> Unless other states were very small, and contiguous to Russia's borders, so that there were good prospects for controlling them by the same concealed police methods he employed in Russia, Stalin did not want other states to be Communist. . . . He was, in his own eyes, the enemy of all the world.

Stalin's maintenance of a rigid theoretical rationale accounts for the peculiar responses of many Communist sympathizers throughout the world during the 30's and 40's. They had believed that Marxist doctrine showed the only road to the good society, and that everything done in the Soviet Union necessarily followed from Marxist doctrine. Such belief in the good society therefore required a total defense or justification of Stalin's policies in Russia; the crimes he committed had to be either justified as the unfortunate breaking of eggs without which the omelet couldn't be made, or denied altogether as the fictions of right-wing propaganda.

Sooner or later, reality was likely to undermine these defenses. This happened conspicuously on the occasions of the Moscow Trials and the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact (and more recently, the Hungarian repression of 1956). However, in response to such climactic demonstrations of the primacy of Soviet power interests over revolutionary principles, the sympathizer was more often than not inclined to throw the Marxist baby out with the Stalinist bath—former Communists or sympathizers took to blaming belief in the good society itself

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for the evils which the Soviets perpetrated in its name. Here, no doubt, is the root of the intellectual phenomenon so common in America and England in the 40's and 50's, of ex-radicals repudiating the whole Enlightenment tradition of rational social progress, and going all the way over to a fideistic conservatism.

IV

THE PERIOD OF World War II offers the ironic spectacle of rising Western hopes for firm cooperation with the Soviet Union, just when the most insane anti-foreignism had taken hold in post-purge Moscow. It was in 1939, between the dismissal of Litvinov and the pact with Germany, that the Soviet foreign office was subjected to a sweeping purge of all Western-oriented individuals and influences. As a number of the contributors show in Ivo Lederer's fascinating new book, *Russian Foreign Policy*,* the truly Byzantine deviousness of Soviet diplomacy, and the severance of all genuine personal communication with the outside world, date from that time. In due course, some of Stalin's policy changes—his nationalism and his social conservatism—were perceived in the West, but these steps were given the wholly erroneous interpretation that they meant a more reasonable Russia in the postwar world.

Most people's illusions were quickly dispelled by Stalin's postwar intransigence and the resumption of violently anti-Western Marxist talk. But this gave rise to the converse error that Soviet Russia had never changed at all but was still committed to the propagation of the proletarian revolution. Stalin's actual achievement, in foreign as well as domestic affairs, was a synthesis of modern techniques and Muscovite ends with doctrinaire Marxist language. Dialectical materialism affected Stalin about as much and as little as the doctrine of Christian charity affected Ivan the Terrible.

To be sure, the achievements of Communism between 1945 and 1950 gave the appearance that a Marxist-Leninist master plan of world revolution was dusted off and put in high gear. To the cursory observer, unacquainted with the changes and contradictions in Communism which have been outlined here, there seems no reason to doubt that the series of Communist advances starting in Eastern Europe in 1945 and climaxing in China in 1949 and Korea in 1950 were planned and deliberate steps toward implanting the Marxist utopia all over the world. But the close study of Soviet history shows that Stalin had identified Communism with his power in Russia, and his power in Russia with a policy pattern of conservative totalitarianism under Marxist labels.

There is reason to suspect that the successes of Communism between 1945 and 1949 surprised Stalin as much as they did the West, and that they were not an unmixed blessing from the standpoint of his rather precarious ideological authority. In 1945, everywhere except Poland and Iran, Stalin was using his tactics of the Spanish Civil War, of worming into positions of influence but holding back on revolution so as not to scare the capitalist powers. He was obsessed about a repetition of Hitler's 1941 invasion (much like America's Pearl Harbor complex), and his remedy was simply to push the Russian border as far west as possible. His determination to take over eastern Poland, no matter what political difficulties this caused with Poland, Germany, and the West, suggests that he had no firm expectations of finally controlling all Poland as a satellite. Typically it was the immediate security advantage to the Russian citadel that governed Soviet policy.

Stalin soon discovered the possibility of taking over the whole of Eastern Europe by military pressure and police revolutions, but he had no intention of letting the native Communists pursue the Marxist ideal as they saw it, or even enjoy full revolutionary status. For the new

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satellites Stalin invented the novel theoretical category of second-class Communism or "People's Democracy," lest anyone venture to suggest full-fledged alternatives to his own Soviet version of the one true path. The final step, successful everywhere save Yugoslavia, was to purge all the native Communists whose notions of Communism, humanity, or national independence stood in the way of Stalin's determination to dominate them

In the Far East, Stalin's immediate concern in 1945 was the recovery of the possessions Japan had taken in 1904–05 or before—Southern Sakhalin Island, the Kuriles, Port Arthur, and the Manchurian sphere of influence. His V-J Day Speech—coming from an Old Bolshevik who had presumably welcomed the defeat of the Czarist government by the Japanese—reveals how the nationalist tradition had been assimilated into Soviet thinking:

> The defeat of the Russian troops in 1904 during the Russo-Japanese war left bitter memories in the minds of our people. It lay like a black stain upon our country. Our people believed in and waited for the day when Japan would be defeated and the stain would be wiped out. We of the older generation waited for this day for forty years, and now this day has arrived.

Stalin evidently did not expect the victory of Communism in China. (This is one of the few instances, if we can credit Vladimir Dedijer's testimony in his biography of Tito, when the Soviet dictator admitted an error in foresight.) He was able to persuade even Chiang Kai-shek that he was not interested in supporting the Chinese Communists: for this we have the word of Ambassador Patrick Hurley. Indeed, Stalin's prolonged dealings with the Nationalists, and his meager aid to the Communists, raise the question how much he was willing or desirous of gambling on the Chinese Communist victory—though he appeared to welcome it when it finally came.

The fact is that Chinese Communism, from the standpoint of Sovietology, only makes sense as an independent phenomenon—a revolution taken over by an independent group of revolutionaries who subscribed to Marxist doctrine in the same dogmatic, illogical way as the Russian Communists, but made their own self-interested interpretation of it. Theoretical manipulation was carried even further in China: there the proletariat was entirely absent from the stage of active revolutionary events—but the revolution nevertheless had to be described as "proletarian." Stalin had feared an independent Communism and it had become a reality in China. Now in the Khrushchev era the Chinese have ventured into major acts of autonomy in doctrine. It is becoming clear that within this Communist world of contrived ideological manipulation, theory serves not as a bond of unity between the present two centers of power, but as a source of discord and perhaps schism.

V

COMMUNIST DOCTRINE of itself did not and could not create the post-World War II enmity between the Soviet bloc and the Western powers. As we have seen, by the 1940's doctrine was entirely subordinated to the whims of the Soviet dictator and the exigencies of practical politics. Fundamentally, the cold war between Communism and the democracies must be accounted for by two factors: the unprecedented situation of "bi-polarity"—a world dominated by two super-powers, the US and the USSR; and the traditional Russian aspects of the dictatorship of Stalin, who could see no way to secure his position and his ideological pretensions save in the old game of power politics and in sealing his country off from the West.

To be sure, Communist doctrine does play a major supporting role in the drama of Soviet-Western conflict. It serves to define the contending sides in terms of black-and-white morality—although the terms can be shifted to include any given country either among the angels or the devils, as convenience dictates. The United States

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and Great Britain, for example, were theoretically classified among the "progressive" forces for purposes of World War II, while Tito's Yugoslavia was overnight reclassified from "socialist" to "fascist" in 1948 because it refused to accept Soviet domination. The USSR and Albania presently characterize each other as enemies of the working class, and it is conceivable that Sino-Soviet tensions could lead to a similar exchange of ideological anathemas.

Doctrine, by its direct influence and by the hostile reactions it evokes, sets up a state nearly approximating that of religious war, where the stakes are not material interests but rival myths or theological loyalties. Such a state of irrationally grounded international tension seems almost indispensable to any totalitarian regime, and particularly to the Soviet Union. International tension lends some reality to the doctrine, and a sense of the doctrine's reality is indispensable to the Communist party apparatus to justify its power, its discipline, its function of control and repression—in fact its very existence. Finally, doctrine and the atmosphere of religious war harness a worldwide army of emotional revolutionaries in the service of Soviet power interests.

De-Stalinization has not altered the fact that the whole corps of officials in the Communist states has a vested interest in maintaining the ideological mythology which both justifies and requires their power of control. In this way international tension is built into the structure of Communist society. Free exchange of opinion cannot of course be tolerated in this power system built around a shaky core of ideological pretenses. Genuine international understanding is the last thing Communists want; nothing offends them more than to be understood for what they really are. It goes without saying that such a regime will go to any lengths to prevent the free circulation of foreign ideas and individuals within its boundaries. This fact alone makes the Western insistence on a system of unfettered international inspection of military preparations an almost utopian goal.

Between Stalin and Khrushchev the changes with respect to the fundamentals of ideology and power have not been so great as often imagined in the West (in contrast to the great changes during Stalin's rule which are usually neglected or minimized). Stalin's death did open the door to manifold tactical innovations in both foreign and domestic policy, usually toward concession and the soft sell. The police and the labor camps were curtailed, consumer living standards raised, artistic controls relaxed, allies sought and neutrals wooed beyond the sphere of abject Communist puppets. But the party leadership took every one of these steps deliberately, and can reverse them at will. There has been no major change in the system of power and controls, nor in the habit of contriving eternal doctrinal justification for each opportune policy shift.

Khrushchev has, to be sure, introduced interesting new twists into the ideology, in his apparent desire to go down in history in the Marxist line of apostolic succession. He has proclaimed that "the transition from socialism to communism" has begun in Soviet society, and Soviet theoreticians now have to write as though a momentous historical change were actually taking place from the "dictatorship of the proletariat" to the "state of all the people." It is all done with words; we are witnessing a mythological transition—from one social myth to another, all equally irrelevant to the real Soviet society and its gradual evolution into a moderately affluent managerial technocracy.

Present Soviet foreign policy is no freer of ideological mythology than the domestic realm, and no more genuinely Marxist. Khrushchev, like Stalin, feels compelled to represent his expediency as the application of an unchanging Marxist-Leninist principle. When the menace of thermonuclear war becomes sufficiently apparent to him, he conveniently finds that war was never inevitable according to the theory,

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and that "Soviet foreign policy . . . has always been, and will be Lenin's policy of peaceful coexistence." Compare this with such a typical remark as Lenin's statement in 1920, "As long as capitalism and socialism exist, we cannot live in peace; in the end one or the other will triumph." In fact, theoretical limitations do not bind the Communist policy maker either for good or for evil. The theory is simply made to mean what the leader wants it to mean at the moment.

VI

IN THE LIGHT OF THIS history, why does the American public still hold fast to a conception of the Communist movement in terms of strict doctrinal intent?

Popular American impressions of Russia have been based mainly on two occasions of traumatic awareness—the initial impact of the Bolshevik Revolution in 1917–19, and the breakdown of the World War II alliance in 1945–47. The assumptions about international revolutionary conspiracy established in these moments of alarm were often wrong, always unreflecting and exaggerated, and rarely subject to later modifications. America's post-World War II reaction to Soviet Russia was particularly emotional because it coincided with this country's unsought responsibilities of great-power status and the uneasy circumstances of the bi-polar world where Soviet hostility was inevitable. All the old anti-Communist emotion of the earlier period, with its deep fears for the sanctity of religion and property, returned; and apparently much of the anti-Hitler feeling generated in the war was now transferred to the Communists.

Americans, used to assuming a certain correspondence between ideas and action, find it difficult to understand the true relation of Marxist ideology to Communist strategic planning. The American attitude, perhaps stemming from a fusion of the Calvinist and utilitarian traditions, is that people freely decide what is right or to their interest; express an intention to pursue such right or interest; and then take action according to some rational plan that is calculated to achieve these goals. This may or may not actually be the way Americans behave, but it is the way they think people in general behave. In this view there is no room for a theory of social determinism such as Marx's, according to which mass responses are bound to lead to certain revolutionary results regardless of any individual's intent.

An American hearing the Marxian *prediction* can only understand it as a statement of *intent,* of intent, furthermore, that is going to be acted upon. The American outlook cannot allow for any discrepancy between statement and action, between theory and practice. It cannot grasp the possibility of certain ideas becoming mere doctrinal comforters which do not guide action to any significant degree. Americans themselves, like practically everyone else, may be guilty on this score: stock phrases like "freedom" and "democracy" sustain the sense of American self-righteousness but may be conveniently overlooked when practical business or foreign policy decisions have to be made. Though in a vastly less bureaucratic and oppressive way than the Communists, we too are rationalizers and we cannot look too deeply into the psychological processes of ideological rationalization. To keep one's own ideology intact, it is easier to believe in the consistency of the other side's as well.

Only some such analysis, it seems to me, can explain why, when Khrushchev prophesies the Red Flag over America, much of the American press and public fly into a panic. They take his prediction as an intent: the intent as literal and the prediction as infallible. Americans cannot seem to work with a mode of analysis that would make possible a corrected prediction of their own. They can see only a future of clashing intent, unless the millennium should arrive when the Communists "repudiate their doctrine of world domination."

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Any student of Soviet affairs knows that the last thing that could happen would be a Communist repudiation of Marxist-Leninist doctrine. On the other hand, a historical understanding of the meaning and role of doctrine should make it clear that such a repudiation is not necessary and would not be meaningful. Soviet hostility and intransigence could continue under another doctrinal cover, or—a more likely possibility—Soviet accommodations with the West could be reached under the ideological cover of an appropriately commanded reinterpretation of doctrine. Even now, literal doctrine determines very little that most Americans assume it is responsible for. Doctrine does not prescribe aggression by a Marxist state in order to expand the revolution by force. All the Communist talk of inevitable war has revolved around the question of a counter-revolutionary attack on the Marxist state by the so-called "imperialists." But here again Americans read prediction or warning as intent to fight, and they fail to understand the ways and means of bringing their own desires to bear on the formation of Communist policy.

THE ULTIMATE question—doctrines and intentions aside—is whether Communist policy decisions and actions in the short run can be so influenced by resistance, inducement, or pressure from the United States and the Western alliance, that the long-run pattern of Communist behavior and political development will take a direction consistent with our own fundamental desire for peace with security and freedom in the Western world. The lesson of history as this writer reads it is that nothing in Communist doctrine will prevent such an approach. As long as the Soviet Union is made to realize that its security interests are best promoted by respecting the fundamental interests of the Western world, the dictates of doctrine can always be suitably adjusted.

The *sine qua non* for such an approach on the part of the United States is a recognition that Marxist doctrine is not fixed in its practical meaning and does not rigidly guide Soviet policy in a predetermined course. It is equally necessary to recognize that the literal doctrine which the Soviet officialdom feels compelled to enforce and reiterate does not give a true picture of Soviet policy or intentions. We cannot wait for the Soviet Union to announce that it will change; we must recognize that it *has* changed (though not always for the better), that it *is* changing (hopefully for the better), and that it will continue to change, partly in response to America's own policies.

We must at the same time realize that none of these changes are going to be stated for what they actually are by the official Communist ideologists. We must anticipate continuing harassments and doctrinal fulminations, and at the same time be able to recognize the underlying reality of tacit concessions and agreements that bit by bit bring Soviet policy into line with our own requirements. Recent developments of this sort include the acceptance of cultural exchanges, the reluctant *status quo* in Berlin and Germany, the remarkable three-year informal moratorium on nuclear testing, and the Soviet refusal to back an aggressive Chinese Communist policy.

The Soviet Union, as is so often said, must indeed be judged by its actions, not by its words. This holds true even when welcome actions are accompanied by offensive words. Communist dogmatism is such that hostility must be maintained on the verbal level even when it has been abandoned in practice. Straightforward communication between governments and peoples is the very last thing that will be achieved in relations between the United States and the USSR. We will never achieve any agreements if we depend on prior understanding. The security of mutual understanding and world order can only be envisioned as the remote outcome of continually careful and sophisticated diplomacy.

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SHLOMO BICKEL

THREE GENERATIONS—A Memoir

THREE GENERATIONS: in each three brothers, one of them a rebel. In the first and third generation he was named Eliezer; in the second, he had missed that name by the space of a day. Each went his own way, following a personal vision, and each died before his time.

My great-grandfather, Reb Shlomo Halfon, once said of his three sons: "My Mordecai is a devout man, and walks in God's way; my Leizer has a sharp mind and soars high in the heavens; and my Moshe, the baby, is growing up to be a Gaon." From the start the drama of the family took place around Leizer. At the *bris* of his son, Reb Shlomo Halfon surprised everyone by not giving to the Mohel the name of a dead member of the family; instead, in a moment of distraction or rebellion he cried out, "The Lord is my God and my help—Eliezer!"

Leizer grew up to be a tall, fair man with dark eyes and a flaming red beard. His resistance to the traditional values of the family and his quest for freedom and transcendence took two different courses. The first one was the pursuit of wealth. Coming from a family that piously distrusted the world of commercial goods and sharp dealing, Leizer stubbornly put his mind and imagination to work inventing a series of business enterprises. With his Menachem Mendel dreams of get-rich-quick, he invented wonderful schemes for distilling alcohol or for exporting beans to distant places. On money he borrowed from the family, or that the family borrowed from others, he climbed toward his desire of becoming a figure of commanding wealth. The truth was that Leizer was no more a man of affairs than was Sholem Aleichem's hero; his different enterprises all failed, leaving himself and the family with vast debts.

However, once on the heights Leizer was reluctant to leave them. He did not come down to earth; he merely transferred his passion from worldly interests to otherworldly ones, from the realm of unconventional activities to that of unconventional ideas. His family had held for the most part to the traditional orthodoxy of the Mitnagdim. Careful and clear-minded scholars, they had also ventured into forbidden territory of free thought that lay even beyond the ideas of Ibn Ezra and those of Maimonides. However, Leizer became the first member who consorted with the world-estranged Hasidic Cabbala students. Together with them, and eventually as their leader, he worked on through the heavily mysterious nights in the Aziepol Beth Hamedrash—calculating the coming of the last days and striving to bring the Messiah before his time.

He was only in his middle thirties when, in 1892, he fell mortally ill. His brother's wife was expecting at the time, and by a tremendous effort of the will Leizer struggled to die before his nephew was born and so secure the preservation of his name. For weeks the family and even the community were drawn to this last act in the drama of Leizer's life. His struggle was unavailing, the infant was named Jacob on the day before Leizer's death.

Leizer's name was not perpetuated until ten years later, in the third successive gen-

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eration of three brothers. It was given to the second of my father's sons.

"Leizer" of the second generation, my father's brother Jacob or "Yankel," was only a few years older than I. We both grew up and were educated in the congregation of Reb Itzik's Beth Hamedrash, where my pious grandfather Mordecai—to whom had been given the endearing name of Mordecai the Man—occupied his father's seat with all its privileges.

Yankel was a slender, sallow-faced youth, his expressive eyes flashing with laughter or abruptly clouded with sadness. He was a quick, natural scholar, but one whose temperament led him to take pleasure in putting barbed questions to his mentors—first to the Gemara teacher, then to the instructors in the Synagogue, and eventually even to the Dayan, Reb Joshua Heshel. Yankel was content to ask his questions without pressing for an answer. During these years that we were growing up together, he was never insolent in matters of faith, but it was not hard to see the portent in his thinly veiled skepticism and his air of observing the commandments mainly out of respect for his father. These were clear signs that he, like most children of his kind, though coming from good orthodox Jewish homes in our town, was already traveling the road that led to Haskalah and Zionism.

Yet we were wrong in our predictions. While his father was still alive, he was to exceed him in his piety and strictness of observance. Keeping the commandments, in fact, became Yankel's obsession. No one knew how this radical change in him had come about. Yankel, or Jacob, was never to tell anyone. We became separated during the flight of the Jews from Kolomea during World War I, and his abrupt return to Jewish tradition and orthodoxy remained for many years a mystery to me.

MEANWHILE, there was Leizer of the third generation. A few years ago my father and I spent a sunny Sabbath afternoon in his home at Givat Shmuel, in Israel, reminiscing about my brother's youth and the quarrels that the three of us had had, usually before breakfast, in the village of Sotevitz and in the city of Czernowitz.

"Of all the madcaps," my father mused, beginning to weave again his memories, "from my uncle Leizer to grandfather Shlomo Halfon and great-grandfather Moshe Nahum, and back to Shlomo Satanover, who was the first to come down from Russia to Galicia, it seems that my Leizer was the maddest." My father was not in the habit of praising his children, but having said this, he went on to recall with obvious pride and pleasure Leizer's incredible feats as a schoolboy. When we had fled to Moravia at the start of the First World War, Leizer was twelve. His religious education had already been interrupted by the closing of the *cheder* and he received no tutoring through the years of our flight, first to Maehrisch-Weisskirchen in Moravia and then, after three years, to Czernowitz. Yet Leizer had managed to absorb enough Hebrew to later support himself as a tutor and to retain whole sections of the Bible in his memory.

He was no less a prodigy, my father recalled, in triumphing over the difficulties of being educated during the course of our emigration.

"He entered class five of the Czech-German high school in Maehrisch-Weisskirchen and with no previous knowledge of Czech and little acquaintance with German he was by the end of the school year not only the top pupil in his class, but (as the principal announced, more astonished than pleased), the top pupil in the whole school." My father's face was lit with the strange, unexpected force of his pride as he continued on, recounting Leizer's next success at Czernowitz high school where he had again been publicly congratulated for the knowledge of Rumanian and Rumanian history he had acquired within a single year of study. At the same time he had begun his daily siege of reading Spinoza's *Ethics* in Latin, having got caught up in Czernowitz with a circle of Constantine Brunner's disciples.

My own memories during that afternoon of reminiscences with my father came mainly from the period that followed, particularly the summer vacations which we would spend with father in the Bukovina village where he then lived. I would be home from Bucharest, Leizer at first from Bucharest and then from Berlin, and the youngest, Meshulem, from high school in Czernowitz. I joked with my father about the arguments that had inevitably ensued between him and his older two sons. I did not wish to disturb the

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pleasures he was taking in his memories and so recalled certain scenes as humorously and agreeably as I could. But in fact there had been little that was humorous or agreeable in those quarrels. They had been tense and dramatic clashes, especially between father and Eliezer, often ending in angry words and even a feeling of bad blood.

During those vacations father would be up at dawn to begin his studies. Seated at the breakfast table he would pore over some volume of Jewish learning, but now and then he liked to look into the books that we had brought home with us. One of the first of our passionate arguments flared up on the morning that father had come upon Brunner's *Die Lehre von den Geistigen und vom Volk,* possibly the most important work in our generation in the development of Spinozism. It begins with Brunner's statement about the radical difference between the thinking of the intellectual and that of the people, and about the hostility on both sides that "has grown more acute and must perforce lead also to outer separation."

ELIEZER TRIED to prove to father that Brunner's position had nothing to do with elitism. It concerned two different kinds of "I" and the God-cognition and way of life that followed from them.

"What new discovery has he made?" father exclaimed, going to his bookcase and taking down Maimonides's first book of *Mishneh Torah.*

"Maimonides spoke centuries before your Brunner of the intellectual. He described him as holy and separated and a guide for the whole people, and he singled him out as one for whom he had prepared the privilege of being filled with the Holy Spirit, and of 'becoming a different man, exalted above the height of all the sages.'

"Yet Maimonides with all his theories of holiness and separation and being a guide for all," father went on passionately, "was considerably under the influence of Christianity. To the Nazarenes sanctity is acquired by separation from the world. To Jews a holy man is no self-segregated hermit. In this respect Hasidism has understood Judaism beautifully and profoundly. The sanctity of the Hasidic Rabbi was in effect that of a King among his people."

A few days later father took from Eliezer's bookcase Brunner's *Der Judenhass und die Juden* ("Jew-Hatred and the Jews") and read the chapter "Speech to the Jews: We Want Him Back."

These pages are Brunner's greatest literary achievement, written with a terse, stormy eloquence that shakes and moves the reader. Father was no exception, but what was stirred up in him by Brunner was his anger and revulsion against Christianity.

"What do we want him back for, the Nazarene?" father stormed back. "What good will he do us? Hasn't he cost us enough blood? They've been hunting and murdering us for two thousand years in his name, and suddenly we are now to want him back!"

"How is Jesus to blame for the things done in his name?" Eliezer replied, calm but challenging. "In whose name have people not committed the most atrocious crimes? Haven't they done so in the name of God Himself?

"If we recall," Eliezer went on, while father struggled to keep from interrupting him, "if we recall the barbarities and the infamies committed in Jesus' name, we must not forget the brave and beautiful things that people have done in his name. Not only Christian hypocrites invoke Jesus' name, so do those who, by the power of the Christ figure, have conquered evil temptations and have gone the road of self-purification, the road of sanctity and seeing God."

"Every time I hear these saintly people boast of their conquest of temptation," my father said, "I fail to understand what they have achieved. Maybe one who conquers temptation is a hero—but what makes him a saint too?

"Do you know who is a saint?" he then asked. "The poor woman who has more trouble than she can bear, and curses everything round her, even her own children, even herself—she is nearer to God than all the saints and self-purifiers who have conquered all their temptations. Job is nearer to God in Chapter 3, when shattered by the blows upon his body and mind, he opens his mouth and curses the day when he was born, than in the last chapters when he has conquered himself and subdued his just complaints. Not for nothing did the Psalmist say, 'The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart.' And God stands at the right hand of the poor."

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Yet an argument as heated as this one had been could still end with a joke. One of us recalled the story of Mechel, the *shochet* of Kolomea, who prayed to God that He should for once stand at the right hand of the rich, at the side of Hersh Rammler or Mendel Brettler, not to let them earn enough for the Sabbath. We laughed over it, or at least we smiled, and then father called to mother in the next room:

"Beile, please give me a pill for my headache, and let the boys have their breakfast. We've talked our belly full!"

The most violent argument we three had in those mornings in the village was again over one of Brunner's books. This time it was *The Duties of the Jew and the Duties of the State,* one of his weakest efforts. Brunner attacks here the whole idea of a Jewish people, inveighs against Zionism, and calls for a radical program of assimilation. Brunner argues his case with little knowledge of Jewish life or culture. Speaking of the many literary figures of the Diaspora, for example, he asserts, "They have nothing to say in their jargon, and therefore they have no literature."

Eliezer, who knew and loved the Hebrew and Yiddish classics, didn't attempt to defend such gross errors in Brunner. He merely argued that these statements did not alter the truth: that we Jews had been declining and disintegrating as a people for generations, and that by assimilation we could achieve more for our peace and security, for the benefit of mankind, and for our spiritual mission among the nations.

Father's response was to call Eliezer "the volunteer Jonah," who flees to Nineveh to carry out his spiritual mission and thinks that he will be received there with open arms.

"I want you to know," father said to him, "that as soon as the ship of the nations feels the slightest contrary wind, the people on board will start at once to investigate whose fault it is. They soon find out by casting lots (they are great ones at casting lots) that the Jews are to blame, and they ask—Whence come you? What is your country, and of what people are you? No matter how ardent the Jew is in his desire for assimilation and for his spiritual mission, the other people will throw him into the sea, and will persuade themselves that the sea has ceased from raging because they got rid of the Jew."

Eliezer took up father's interpretation of Jonah's fate, and in his quiet but emphatic way, he continued the story:

"True, Jonah was cast into the sea, and he endured the bitter experience of being in the belly of the whale for three days and three nights. But when he escaped by a miracle, God again commanded him to go to Nineveh, and 'make unto it the proclamation that I bid you.' And in the end 'the people of Nineveh believed God.' After all his troubles God did not release Jonah from his mission—and Nineveh did repent.

"If that is so," Eliezer continued in a tone touched by sarcasm as well as deep conviction, "perhaps it is true that for God's mission we must be prepared to suffer no less than for the existence of the nation."

The argument grew fiercer. What impressed me most of all was the point at which father, speaking in a whisper, which sounded louder than a shout, declared: "If one of you, my three sons, ever speaks publicly against the existence of our people, I shall—" and he placed his hand on his breast, then quickly took it away.

DURING THESE DISCUSSIONS I would sometimes wonder what the position of my uncle and friend, Jacob, would now be on these decisive issues of Jewish life. We knew that he had settled in the little Carpathian town of Bolechov where he continued to practice his austere and rigorous religious faith. As the years passed, and Meshulem pursued his studies at Czernowitz University and Eliezer completed his medical courses and became a member of the medical faculty in Berlin, Jacob remained apart from us and from the modern world which we had entered. For ten years we didn't see each other at all, but shortly before Hitler's war I happened to be traveling from Bucharest to Vienna and stopped off to surprise him in his little town of Bolechov.

It was a day late in summer and as I approached the house in which Jacob lived, I chanced to see in the light of the sun upon the window the figure of a Jew in *tallis* and *t'fillin* shining out at me. It was Jacob. Still slim as a boy, his face was shadowed now by a thick dark beard and earlocks—the face

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of my grandfather Mordecai, of blessed memory.

Standing there at his devotions he must have heard me enter and speak to his wife; but if he recognized my voice, not for an instant did he open his eyes to look at me till he had finished his prayers. His soft, warm voice, whistling when it rose to a high note, went on from the point of "Blessed, who in mercy givest light to the earth and them that dwell on it. . . ."

As had been the practice in our family, Jacob lingered earnestly over this prayer, which speaks of God's great love for the Jews. When he reached the phrase *"Ahavo Rabo"* ("with abounding love") and *"chemlo gedolo"* ("with great compassion") his body seemed driven by a strong inward force that carried him from one end of the room to the other. When the prayer was over Jacob stood motionless. Then, in a whisper, he recited the rest of the morning prayers. His voice rose only twice—at the words *"Shema Yisroel"* and "That you may remember and do all my commandments and be holy unto your God." They were words of grief and anguish, and by a sudden movement of his body, he twisted himself, as it were, within them. He took hold of both ends of the *tallis,* and stamped his feet, as though emphasizing to himself the exhortation of God in the Book of Numbers to remember that one must keep all, absolutely all of the commandments.

I sat there for perhaps a whole hour, pretending to be reading the Polish newspaper I had bought at the station. But I didn't for a moment take my eyes off Jacob. Observing his stubbornly closed eyes and his thinly drawn lips enunciating with painful sharpness each word of the prayer, I no longer wondered why Jacob did not pause in his prayer to greet me, after ten long years, nor even to open his eyes to look at me.

THE QUESTION of Jacob's unnatural absorption in his manner of observing Judaism, would probably not have been raised were it not for Jacob's wife. Afterward, as we sat at the table talking about family affairs, she listened intently while she tried to quiet their impatient little seven-year-old daughter. But when Jacob asked me about my father, she suddenly broke into the conversation as if she had been waiting anxiously for an opportunity to declare what she felt.

"I'm sure your father, may he have a long life," she turned to me with a laugh that was more of a sigh, "doesn't spend three quarters of the day saying his prayers, as his youngest brother does."

"My brother Itze," Jacob answered for me, "is no great sayer of prayers. He's a fine, gentle sort of man, a scholar, one always poring over books, and not only the Siddur and the Machzor.

"But I, Itze's youngest brother Yankel, I know"—his expressive eyes fixed on my face to watch my reaction—"I know that the most important books of all are the Siddur and the Machzor. For, my dear Gittel, prayer is to a Jewish soul the same as—in a different, lesser way—salt is to a piece of meat on the salting board. The prayer, like the salt, draws out the unclean in the blood and makes it kosher—clean and pure.

"Do you know," Jacob said to me, when his wife and little girl had left the room, "the meaning of *'Vehiyisem kedoshim leiloheichem'*—Be holy unto your God? It means that each Jew must break his own way through to holiness for himself, to the 'Light that is sown for the righteous.' No one can make that journey for you. You must tread the road yourself. And the road goes through prayer, through the hard, the very hardest burden of commandments—'that you may remember'—by wearing the heavy yoke of all the commandments."

I tried to catch him on the point of the Fifth Commandment. "Do you mean to say that you are more scrupulous in the observance of the commandments than your father, my grandfather Mordecai?"

Jacob gave me a troubled glance, but he went on in a patient way.

"My father, of blessed memory, was a pious Jew indeed. But like your father he was also somewhat of a Hasid—a pious Hasid, to be sure, not like your father who was a heretic going on pilgrimages to the Rebbe."

I was astounded.

"Quite simply," said Jacob, "your father's Rabbi is Zionism, Herzl, Ahad Ha'am; and my father, of blessed memory, also went on pilgrimages to a sort of Wonder Rabbi. Of course he prayed, all his life, with all his heart and with all his mind, but more than his own prayer, more than his own chapter

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of the Psalms, more than his own Tractate of the Mishnah, he leaned on the merit of his fathers, on the learning of Joshua Heshel the Dayan, and on the body of the congregation, together with Reb Itzik's synagogue."

Then, wagging his finger at me, he forestalled what I was going to say.

"If you think I am copying my grandfather, Shlomo Halfon, going his road, you are very much mistaken. Grandfather Shlomo did not believe in observing 'all My commandments.' He wanted to get there through reasoning, and found himself entangled in doubts . . ."

AT THIS POINT Jacob's brother-in-law arrived. About ten years older than Yankel, he was a typical, stout, prosperous scholar, complete with pince-nez and an air of self-importance. He was the leader of the "Mizrachi" in the town.

The first words he addressed to me were: "Don't worry about eating in your uncle's house. He's the most observant Jew in town. He has never eaten a crumb in my house, just a glass of tea with sugar." He spoke in a bantering tone, but I could sense an undertone of grievance much like his sister's. I felt increasingly hostile toward Jacob's way of life, and even more toward his attitude of being certain that his road alone was the right one. I said to Jacob as quietly and as soberly as I could:

"As I understand you, then, your aim is to bring the light of Paradise to earth for yourself alone by strict observance of all the commandments. Congregation, community, the Jewish people, all lead you away from holiness, from dwelling with God in your own lifetime."

But then, almost involuntarily, I spoke the harsher words that had been forming in my mind. "So you are, as the saying goes, a saint in armor, thinking constantly only of yourself, only of your own soul's salvation!"

Jacob merely smiled as though gratified by my remark.

"No, it isn't that," Jacob's brother-in-law said, obviously wishing to intervene. "No one in this town has any complaint against your uncle, nobody says that he doesn't do his duty, God forbid, as a good neighbor. There is nobody like him in the concern and help he gives to the poor and the sick. Yet there is something. I am myself an observant Jew, living among observant Jews. But that the name Herzl is impure and mustn't be mentioned on the Sabbath is something I heard for the first time from your uncle."

"What is there so surprising about it?" declared Jacob. "The Sabbath is holy to a Jew, the day when he divests himself of all that is material. Therefore he can give himself up fully to his sensibility and approach closer to God's holiness. If he allows himself to be distracted in the midst of his Sabbath state by Herzl, by community, by meetings, and by other outside affairs, it would be absolutely wrong not to remind him that he is squandering a holy day, on which he could do much for himself."

"For himself, for himself," his brother-in-law repeated, his voice no longer evasive but scornful. "Among Jews it is sacred, not this or the other man is holy. It is Israel that is a holy people."

"That's it! That's just my point!" cried Jacob. He took hold of his brother-in-law's hand, as if wanting to ask his forgiveness in advance for what he was going to say:

"You think, Moshe, that if a people lives in the Land of Israel, and speaks Hebrew, to say nothing of going to synagogue on the Sabbath, it is a holy people. You're quite wrong! We can be a holy people only if each Jew, for himself, develops his holiness by his own force and strength. A holy people must consist of people who are holy. There is no other way. Each Jew must work for himself."

Again, I was repelled by the tranquil assurance in his words, and still more by their similarity to Christian monasticism. No doubt I was moved by this echo of the controversies in which we, my father and I, had been engaged for some years with my brother Eliezer. It was the same theme, the same problem of being holy, though now in the domain of Torah, not of Spinoza and Brunner.

"I hope you realize, Yankel," I said to him (the smart-aleck way in which I said it is still a humiliating memory to this day), "that your road to holiness is not Jewish but Nazarene. The Nazarenes don't recognize the intervening link, people, between God and man. They have no religious 'we.' And the individual who seeks to come closer to God than the rest must segregate himself from the community, must renounce wife and child, must become a Nazarite, or as they call it, a monk. Jews come closer to

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God, praise Him, through prayer in common, through studying Torah in common. It seems to me, Yankel, that you are a Nazarene in *tallis* and *t'fillin*."

This time Yankel's face went white. His fine eyes looked tortured and he almost screamed:

"How can you compare me to the Nazarenes! They worship idols. For them God Almighty has a son, and all their holiness is directed toward being near to the son, not to God, praise His Name. How can you mention them in the same breath?"

I had already regretted my words. His brother-in-law looked at me reproachfully.

The atmosphere was only broken by Jacob's wife coming in to ask us for dinner. The brother-in-law excused himself and left. At the table we spoke only of family matters.

I told Yankel that my brother Eliezer, who was now a doctor, had published a book in Berlin called *The Renaissance of Philosophy*. "It's the same seeking for holiness," I said, laughingly, "only while your road is prayer, his is speculative thought. You are both trying to soar. You both take after Uncle Eliezer whom you were very nearly named after."

Jacob looked grave. But from his sallow face and dark beard there rose a gleam of satisfaction. He asked me to convey his greetings to Leizer and to tell him in his name that the road of thought led to doubts and pitfalls, and the surest road could only be the road of prayer.

I traveled back that same evening to Stanislav, and then on to Vienna. I never saw Jacob again. He perished ten years later, for the Sanctification of the Name. He reached his passionately desired state of holiness together with all the other Jews of Bolechov without any special effort of prayer or thought.

IT WAS IN THE spring of 1933, only a few months after my encounter with Jacob, that Eliezer came back from Berlin to make his home in Bucharest. He had given up his hopes for a lectureship at the Medical Faculty of Berlin University. On April 1, 1933, the day of the official boycott against the Jews, the jackboots of the SS had also sounded for the first time in the university corridors. Eliezer's superior, Professor Wagner, asked him to his room where he begged him to return to Rumania. There was no question now of getting him a lectureship: this powerful figure in Berlin medical circles would not even be able to protect his assistant against physical attack from the Nazi students in the lecture hall.

So we two brothers, Eliezer and I, sat in my room a few days after his arrival in Bucharest, discussing practical matters like getting him a house, arranging a surgery, securing an appointment in the City Hospital or in the Jewish Hospital, and translating some of his medical writings from German into Rumanian. However, I had told him of my afternoon with Jacob and soon the pattern of argument in which we two brothers and our father had been engaged over the last ten years began to weave itself again.

"Your uncle Yankel, who was nearly named Eliezer," I said, "doesn't believe in the people of Israel, any more than you do. The difference between Yankel and you," I went on, "is only this—that for him there must be a free psychic area where every Jew can achieve holiness, so that the Jews may afterward become a true nation, a holy people. And according to you we must be as free as possible from the 'superstition' of Jewish nationhood to wage unhampered the war of personal liberation, and to prophesy more effectively and with more success in Nineveh."

As I spoke, Eliezer shifted from one hand to the other the heavy gold ring with the Greek inscription *"Kalos Kagatos"* (good and beautiful) that his colleagues in the Constantine Brunner Society had given him a year before for his thirtieth birthday. His deep blue eyes sparkled with that magical intense light of truth revealed and found, and of absolute conviction, that I had seen only six months before in another face. "You've forgotten," he said in a playful voice, "that among other differences between Yankel and me, I'm not so frightened of Jesus as he. On the contrary, I believe, as you know, that it was only by means of Jesus' original personality (the fact that he based himself on the Jewish Massorah and spoke its tongue did not in any way diminish his originality) that the miracle occurred of Judaism influencing other nations outside the Jews. It was only through Jesus and his apostle Paul that Judaism became a matter of world-historic significance. Brunner is

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right when he says that no one but Jesus could have done this, not Rabbi Akiba, nor Rabbi Huna, nor Rabbi Ashi. It is also true that it was only through this world-historic Judaism that the wall between peoples and races, between God and man was destroyed."

Eliezer continued in the measured magisterial way that must have contributed to the Rebbe-Hasid relationship he enjoyed in the Brunner Society.

"Jacob certainly is not a Christian, not even in the remotest way. He is as far from the Christian church and from the Christian religion as you and I. But his own God-seeking, his own desire for moral purification has led him beyond questions of the community and nation, and brought him back to himself.

"You know me, Shlomo," he went on, bending toward me to emphasize his words, "and you surely won't mistake my religionlessness for godlessness. My heart certainly recognizes no King in Heaven, yet I do know something about the happiness of piety. My God, Spinoza's *Deus Sive Natura,* is like the mystical God of the soul itself. Yankel's God Almighty stands like the God of all religions outside the human soul, outside nature; that is why our pious uncle believes He can be reached only through prayer."

I BROKE IN: "I am more concerned to know what you think, in so many words, about the meaning of the concept of the Jewish people. The fact is that in telling you about my argument with Jacob I emphasized the point of Jewish peoplehood, because I am keeping to our agreement—remember?—when we had our talks two years ago in Berlin, in your room in the Charité, and then over lunch in the little restaurant near the hospital. We decided then to end the ten-year-old quarrel between us, we two brothers and our father, and to regard ourselves like the two brothers in the story, who went out each on his own road to conquer the world, and discover the supreme value in life—and only from time to time, when necessary, would we exchange the experiences of our struggle and achievement.

"It seems to me," I went on, "that you must now have something to tell me about your experiences during the past year and particularly in recent months in the German Nineveh. As you can realize, Hitlerist Germany has strengthened my Jewish nationalism, has made my dreams of Jewish national redemption more urgent. But I imagine that your dream of assimilation confronted with the reign of evil in Berlin has taken a serious beating, if it has survived at all."

Eliezer said, with a nostalgic smile, "They were fine, those ten years of bitter conflict, and the finest and the most fiery fighter among us was father. He raged like a storm, because it seemed to him that his son Eliezer had ceased or was ceasing to be a Jew. I am far, very far from that."

Then he went on. "I can never drain away the stream of Jewishness that my inherited way of life and my upbringing and my education have left in me. But I must confess to you that if I have a son I shall bring him up free from all religion, and do all I can to give him the chance of assimilating to the surrounding people, particularly to the dominant people of the state."

"Doesn't that mean an education in insignificance and, to a certain extent, in hypocrisy?" I asked, aiming at his disclosed wound.

"There will be no hide-and-seek between me and my son," Eliezer cried out, deeply pained. My deliberate shot had struck home. "My son will know, will see over and over again in me, who have neither the strength nor the desire to be anything else—I will also teach him—that he comes from the great Jewish people. And if he isn't a clod he will be proud of his honorable descent."

"And his honorable descent," I continued remorselessly, "is to assimilate to the surrounding peoples, who have now shown in the ugliest way how dishonorable they are."

Eliezer struggled to get control of himself. "You asked me about my experience in Nineveh," he said with quiet gravity. "I give you my answer—now, more than ever, when our trust in the civilized nations is shaken, we need a radical assimilation to the surrounding world, in order—"

"In order—" I yelled impatiently, "in order that one should be able to work out one's own inner liberation, and prophesy successfully in the sinful city of Nineveh. So we are back at our old discussions. Every Jew is a Messiah for himself and a Prophet to the nations. That is our mission, for which we must pay with the death of our people."

"Not 'we must pay' but 'we pay.' With

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and against our own will," Eliezer amended my words. "And the mission, you must admit, is a great one. Nothing to be ashamed of."

Within two or three years after his return from Berlin, Eliezer had become one of the leading Jewish gynecologists in Bucharest. He also did a lot of work in philosophy. He taught Spinoza's *Ethics* to a group of Brunnerists. He finished his book *Problems and Aims of Thinking,* which was brought out by a Zurich publisher just before the war. And from the summer of 1937, when he was entrusted in Brunner's will with the publication of his posthumous works, he was busy preparing some of them for the press.

I LEFT BUCHAREST with my family early in 1939 for America. Eliezer remained in Rumania, and lived through the bitter years of the Antonescu regime and the Rumanian-Soviet war. He narrowly escaped death in the January pogrom in Bucharest, and then in a tremendous effort of devotion, he succeeded—almost by a miracle—in saving our parents from deportation to Transnistria.

For nearly five years all contact between us was broken. It was only at the end of 1945 that we were able to correspond again. I sent him my books which had been published in Yiddish in New York, *A Town of Jews,* and *Details and Conclusions,* and he sent me the manuscripts of a six-volume philosophic work. (A part was later issued by a Zurich publisher, under the title, *Wirklichkeit und Wahrheit des Denkens*—"The Reality and Truth of Thought.")

I saw from this manuscript that Eliezer's philosophic thought had grown, deepened, and broadened. I also sensed that he had taken a great step forward during the war years, in his ethical life. Like his two predecessors in the family, he was still struggling toward self-transcendence along his Spinozist path of ethical perfection set forth in one of the last pages of *Wirklichkeit und Wahrheit des Denkens*:

"One who thinks *sub specie aeternitatis* cannot morally judge and condemn, because he knows that to do so according to the criterion of good and evil has only a practical justification and is entirely anthropomorphic. The struggle must therefore be waged not against people but against our own feelings and the dismal thoughts of reason, that deprive us of the capacity of spiritual vision and rob us and obscure from us the fulfillment of our eternity. Whoever has known the joy of the spirit must perforce demonstrate in his life that he is worthy to be and to act in such a way that he should not be cut off again from the sources of his changed existence. He must do so because that is for him the only way, and vice-versa."

My feeling that these words expressed not merely another stage in Eliezer's philosophy but a deep change in his moral being was confirmed when I saw him in Canada, where he had come to live in 1950 and where he died only a year later. His experience in the hell of Bucharest had made him a stern master of himself, but he was also endowed now with a new gentleness of understanding, with an enthusiasm for noble acts wherever he found them, and with a forgiving smile for the individual's "moral judgments."

As I go now once again through his letters, I can see that our family argument never really ended. He wrote to me in February 1946 in answer to a letter in which I must have been recounting my Jewish experiences in the war years:

"The enthusiasm into which your letter plunged our parents and my parents-in-law is as alarming as it is true. They applauded you with all their hearts; you were their spokesman and advocate. It seemed to them that my ideas and my arguments were shattered, broken to bits, and they hoped from minute to minute that I would reveal myself to them as a true penitent."

Then he came to the point:

"I did not read your words coldly, and I did not dismiss them with an easy no. I put into them all the force and intention you wanted. What drives you to feel as you do is your love for our martyred Jewish dead. But believe me, I haven't purchased my point of view from dry logic either, nor fashioned it at my writing desk.

"The Jewish people and the Jewish religion have been for a long time now in a ceaseless process of dissolution. Not because of ill-will nor because of national disloyalty. It is the demand of life, the natural direction of history. Emancipation isn't an idea invented by a few 'traitors.' These 'traitors' saw where life was leading them, and they wanted to hasten the natural process. They

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had more love for the individual Jew than for the Jewish people. The conscience of a thinker instructs us to turn away from ideas which are contrary to life. We mustn't allow ourselves to be misled because we are bound to them by a thousand invisible threads of emotion and desire. Tradition and subconscious feeling have often proved to be the enemy of life and truth."

This is the concluding paragraph of Eliezer's letter:

"Emancipation has proved impossible? But hasn't the road to national independence proved more than once 'impossible'? The road to the Land of Israel is no smooth and comfortable return home either. The road of assimilation is likewise not easy for those who for various reasons can't do what Zionism requires. . . ."

Even in the choking atmosphere of early Nazi Germany and then in the nightmare of Iron-Guardist Rumania, Eliezer had held with his stubborn Jewish feelings to the idea of assimilation. It was only when he came for the first time into the freedom of emancipation in France and then Canada, and observed Nineveh and its great Christian civilization, that his faith in assimilation was shaken.

After a few months in Toronto, he wrote to me:

"What attracted me so much to the West (though I would probably have very quickly got rid of my material worries in Israel) was the prospect of slipping out of the narrow circle and entering the large world of spiritual aspirations and spiritual trends. But here? Besides the cult of money there are only sports and religious activities, and they are merely social entertainment. If I had no heart for the nationalist hot-house mood in Israel, how should I be pleased here? In Israel everything—accepted or not—is sound and *genuine,* because it is the expression of an organically emerging nation. But here many things are false, just phrases, mere empty pretense . . . And there is little hope of coming into contact with other, freer circles, who are *really* interested in higher matters, because the religious communities are severely exclusive one from the other."

In the end, then, experiences in the free "Nineveh" finally altered Eliezer's assimilationist convictions and brought him spiritually nearer to the State of Israel. Above all he came to admire its cultural distinctiveness, that genuine character which is "the expression of an organically emerging nation."

I sent to my father Eliezer's letters to me and a copy that I had made of his last foreword to Brunner's books—in which he welcomed the new State in Brunner's name. Father answered me in expressions of faith and conviction, that please God, he would meet Eliezer very soon, and would finally reach an agreement with him. Still, "in this world Eliezer's last words are certainly a consolation."

ABOUT FOUR MONTHS later, my father died. He had grown increasingly religious in his last years in Israel. The Siddur and the Machzor were his constant companions. He never spoke of it himself, and if anyone else did, he took an ironic attitude toward his piety. He had always been very good at that.

The day before I left Israel to return to America I spent several hours with my parents in Givat Shmuel. While I was there one of his rare communications arrived from my youngest brother, Meshulem, who had remained in Rumania. Father passed the card to me:

"The baby is a Prophet, as well. A captive of Amalek, he teaches French in a high school, and keeps chastising himself, seeking out his sins. Read it—'I tell myself and I don't stop repeating it: Errors upon errors. You should have done differently and better with your life.'

"As for my older sons," Father went on, "they are both of course prophets. One prophesies in the streets of Jerusalem, and the other in Nineveh. But there isn't a single one to say Kaddish."

In the Kaddish year for my father that followed I often thought of these words of his. "The Prophet to Nineveh" is no more. The captive of Amalek is still a captive; and I don't even know if the news of Father's death got through to him. I alone am alive and free. But what security can there be for one like me, who had in common with my generation cast off the burden of *Mitzvot,* and had not realized in time that this burden alone can give a Jew a little Jewish freedom in the freedom of the Emancipation?

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HENRY DAVID AIKEN

AMERICAN PRAGMATISM RECONSIDERED

III. John Dewey

IN CLAIMING THAT John Dewey's *Art as Experience* marks a turning point in the development both of pragmatism and of aesthetics I am aware of enunciating a compound paradox. What on earth can a philosophy so preoccupied with problems, consequences, and methods tell us about that most gloriously inconsequential and unproblematic of objects, the work of art, or that most mysterious of human activities, artistic creation? And how can such a study as traditional aesthetics, concerned with the bare sensuous surface of experience, be illuminated by a philosophy of interpretation whose primary interest is in problems of meaning and belief which it, in turn, conceives entirely as problems of practice or conduct? A "pragmatic aesthetics," in short, is, or sounds like, a contradiction in terms. Dewey's purpose, so I believe, was to resolve this paradox by bringing to the surface certain erroneous preconceptions on the part of the older pragmatists concerning the nature of meaning as well as certain gratuitous restrictions in traditional aesthetics upon the scope of our intrinsic interest in works of art. Whether Dewey was wholly successful in this effort remains to be seen; what is clear is that he has forced a fundamental reconstruction of the conceptual scheme of the pragmatic theory of interpretation and criticism as well as that of aesthetics itself.

HENRY DAVID AIKEN, professor of philosophy at Harvard, here completes his series on American pragmatism. The previous articles, on Charles Sanders Peirce and William James, appeared in our August and September issues, respectively. All three will be brought together in a book to be published by Knopf, the publisher also of Mr. Aiken's *Reason and Conduct*, out this month.

Having gone this far, I may as well add outrage to paradox by asserting, all seriously, that *Art as Experience* is John Dewey's masterpiece, the central arch of his whole philosophy. Without it his moral philosophy —and Dewey is nothing if not a moral philosopher—loses both its heart and headpiece. And without it his philosophy of education—and in a sense his entire philosophy is a philosophy of education—becomes a horrible example of what may be called "the educator's fallacy," the error, that is, of assuming that life is for the sake of learning rather than learning for the sake of life. No one has emphasized more emphatically than Dewey the role of the problem-solving intelligence in the educational process; where there is no conception of a problem to be solved, education degenerates into a matter of routine conditioning and, in effect, manual training. But no philosopher has been less disposed to think of problem-solving as an end in itself, or of any solution as adequate apart from its fruits within experience. Human life, said Dewey, is not exclusively a "knowledge affair"; he might have added that it is also not exclusively an affair of choice, deliberation, and action. Indeed, this most indefatigable celebrant of the instrumental function of scientific cognition and moral deliberation is also precisely the one for whom all useful instruments, conceptual or otherwise, must be for the sake of something. It is, in fact, hardly too much to say that for Dewey the only relevant human test of civilization is aesthetic, and the only spiritual measure of any cultural activity lies in its artistry. The aim of *Art as Experience* is to show how this can be so.

Such claims, even if justified, are scarcely calculated to impress academic philosophers,

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pragmatic or otherwise. With the notable exception of Aristotle, whom Dewey resembles in this as in other ways, the greatest philosophers have usually given the arts short shrift. Before Kant, they usually treated the arts as vehicles of low-grade knowledge or else as unstable, enervating, incurably misleading ancillaries of morality and religion. Since Kant they have reserved for the arts a jolly corner in the newly-created province of "aesthetics," itself a misbegotten offspring of the philosophy of sense-perception. The improvement, however, is not noticeable. For if, as the aestheticians have viewed him, the artist is no longer regarded as a liar and a seducer, he is now treated as a kind of parasite on the body of experience who unwittingly saps the strength that should go into the use of our senses in testing scientific theories.

II

Lest it appear that I exaggerate, let us take a look at the aesthetics of the elder pragmatists, Charles Peirce and William James. Only in this way can we appreciate the distance traversed by Dewey in writing *Art as Experience*.

At the outset, it should be said that neither Peirce nor James provided, or sought to provide, a theory of interpretation in terms of which the full range of meaning and significance in the arts can be understood. Nor did either of them begin to appreciate the central place of the arts in any adequate philosophy of culture and civilization. Peirce, as we have already observed, found difficulty in construing the meaning of any form of expression—or thought—not verifiable by the operational procedures of science. In fact, by his own standards, even his celebrated pragmatic maxim, not to mention the metaphysical corollaries he appended to it, are devoid of sense. James, through his studies of the ethics of belief perceived, somewhat darkly, that truth—that which we ought to believe—cannot itself be defined in terms taken from the language of scientific description. Accordingly, he was forced to enlarge the pragmatic study of meaning—or use—of ideas so as to include concepts whose function is not to designate the observable characters of things, but to guide our actions and to articulate our ideals. Yet James no more than Peirce was equipped with a comprehensive philosophy of meaning which might do justice to those levels of significance in music, the plastic arts, or imaginative literature which can be neither understood nor appreciated primarily in scientific, moral, or religious terms. On the contrary, James as well as Peirce was victimized by a hand-me-down aesthetics, never deeply pondered or systematically overhauled, which reduces aesthetic experience, whether of nature or of art, to an affair of the supposedly "immediate" sensations and feelings that another, later pragmatist, C. I. Lewis, pungently misentitled "the primordial empirical given."

The original thing about Charles Peirce's aesthetics was his identification of the aesthetic with his own obscure category of "firstness" which, among other things, was supposed to represent the dimension of pure, unmediated, uninterpreted, and unobjectified feeling in experience. Whatever its other roles, such a category provides no basis for interpreting what we find in any work of art above the level, say, of a drone bass for the viola da gamba. On the contrary, if taken seriously, it serves to reinforce both the prejudice of our age against all art forms that take mind as well as time to comprehend and the prejudice of philosophers in all ages against any form of expression whose aim is neither to describe what is nor to prescribe what ought to be. Meaning, according to Peirce, is what we take to be signified by any sign; and all of his ingenious classifications of signs do not, and are not intended to, enlarge or alter this relation. Unfortunately, as Peirce himself well enough understood, what is signified *by* a work of art leads us as a rule directly away from the main sources of its artistic life. And to treat works of art as "signs" is, for the most part, merely to talk through them about something else which, whatever its interest to the historian or sociologist or psychiatrist, has only a loose correlation with what the artist himself is doing *in* his work. In effect, Peirce offers us only two alternatives: either to find and to translate in clearer scientific terms the verifiable propositions which we may suppose to be implicit in a work of art or else to take it "aesthetically" as an instance of unadulterated firstness.

By natural endowment and cultivation,

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William James, of all the pragmatists, should have been most apt to provide the basis for an imaginative interpretation and critique of the arts. James knew how to draw and, up to a point, at least, how to look at a picture. And, in his own studiously unbuttoned manner, he could write, sometimes with extraordinary vividness and poignancy. Unlike Peirce, moreover, James was not hobbled by an obsessive regard for what he called "the sentiment of rationality." He did not require that metaphysical, religious, or moral notions be run through an operational wringer of "signification" in order to be persuaded of their meaningfulness. Indeed, no philosopher in modern times has struggled more valiantly against the virus of scientism which afflicts most empiricists in the modern age.

James's "complaint" was of a different sort. With his usual perceptiveness, his brother saw close to the heart of the matter. In the course of a reply to a letter of William's about *The Golden Bowl,* Henry James makes the following comment:

> I'm always sorry when I hear of your reading anything of mine, and always hope you won't—you seem to me so constitutionally unable to "enjoy" it, and so condemned to look at it from a point of view remotely alien to mine in writing it, and to the conditions out of which, *as* mine, it has inevitably sprung—so that all the intentions that have been its main reason for being (with *me*) appear never to have reached you at all. . . .

The point is that in reading a novel or even in looking at a picture, William James was so constantly on the look-out for its "moral" that he could rarely enter freely and unguiltily into the imaginative world of any complex work of art. He had, in fact, to struggle so hard for what Paul Tillich calls "the courage to be" that he lost much of his native capacity to receive, or trust, the natural grace which art, as experience, may bestow.

But as a philosopher of art, James was hampered not only by his inability to "suspend the ethical," but also by traditional preconceptions concerning the nature both of aesthetic experience and of art which precluded him from finding in either any challenge to his own pragmatic theory of interpretation. In his famous *Psychology,* in which he attempted to establish a physiological basis of opposition between thought and emotion, James says this about aesthetic experience:

> . . . we must immediately insist that aesthetic emotion, *pure and simple,* the pleasure given us by certain lines and masses, and combinations of colors and sounds, is an absolutely sensational experience, an optical or auricular feeling that is primary, and not due to the repercussion backward of other sensations consecutively aroused. To this simple and primary pleasure . . . there may, it is true, be *added* secondary pleasures; and in the practical enjoyment of art [in which James includes intellectual enjoyment] by the masses of mankind secondary pleasures play a great part. The more *classic* one's taste is, however, the less relatively important are the secondary pleasures felt to be in comparison with those of the primary sensation as it comes in. (Italics are James's.)

Notice how automatic is James's identification of the aesthetic as a form of feeling or emotion derived from sensory pleasure. Notice also the implicit assumption that good *art,* if not *good* art, sets up no commotion in the higher centers where mind begins to do its work. For James, in short, any art that requires cerebral or motor activity to appreciate fully thereby loses "classic" purity. Yet a classic taste, as he conceived it, is also a decadent taste which the moralistic James, who was always just a little afraid of decadence, was therefore bound to deplore.

III

As it turns out, it was George Santayana, whose own aesthetic approach to the interpretation of religion James once described as "a perfection of rottenness," who pointed the way out of this gratuitous and strangely unpragmatic impasse. It was also Santayana who made the first relevant protest against a foolishly "penitent" art, as he called it, which, in trying to rid itself of its "evil obsession with things," seeks aesthetic salvation merely in the "emancipation of the medium." Such salvation, Santayana perceived, saves neither art nor artist, but trivializes both. Great art, classic or otherwise, engages all our faculties. And as he writes:

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> Aesthetic satisfaction . . . comes to perfect *all* other values; they would remain imperfect if beauty did not supervene upon them, but beauty would be absolutely impossible if they did not underlie it. For perception, while in itself a process, is not perception if it means nothing or has no ulterior function; and so the pleasures of perception are not beauties, if they are attached to nothing substantial . . . , to nothing with a right of citizenship in the natural or in the moral world.

Unfortunately Santayana never bothered to work out the full implications of this remark. For all his Latin elegance and love of form, and despite his catholic tolerance for the sincere enjoyment of any artistic design, Santayana's own formal aesthetics, as one finds it in his early work, *The Sense of Beauty,* is thin and perfunctory, and later he himself dismissed it as an academic performance whose subject-matter is unreal. In his later writings, however, one gets the impression that Santayana at last became impatient even with the arts themselves. Nor, I think, is it an accident that in his great work *The Realms of Being* no realm is reserved either for beauty or for art. The fact is that Santayana was a philosophical aesthete whose own imagination was cramped by the actual, and hence particular and limiting, forms materialized in individual works of art. As he says in a criticism of Browning which Dewey quotes with devastating effect: "The value of experience is not in experience but in the ideals it reveals." The following comment of Santayana upon the art of Shakespeare is also typical: ". . . the cosmos eludes him; he does not seem to feel the need of framing that idea. He depicts human life in all its richness and variety, but leaves that life without a setting and consequently without a meaning."

It is just at this point that John Dewey, applying in effect Santayana's own deeper insight into the role of ideas in art, turns the tables on Santayana himself whom he charges with being guilty of a fundamental confusion of values. Dewey does not deny that Shakespeare had a philosophy or that it permeates his poetry. What he insists is that as we find it in the poetry, that philosophy cannot be understood or appraised save in terms of the total impact which Shakespeare's art makes upon us. It is not Shakespeare's business to frame an idea of the cosmos or, for that matter, to frame any other abstract idea. It is his concern to represent, or better, to present a compelling artistic world which engages our total resources as witnesses, thus enabling us to "have an experience" which, as we reflect upon it in tranquility, grows ever richer in significance. As Dewey remarks, with a clarity and economy for which he is not as noted as he should be:

> The question for the critic is the adequacy of form to matter, and not that of the presence or absence of any particular form. The value of experience is not only in the ideals it reveals, but in its power to disclose many ideals, a power more germinal and more significant than any revealed idea, since it includes them in its stride, shatters and remakes them. One may even reverse the statement and say the value of the ideals lies in the experience to which they lead.

To my mind, this statement is a definitive reply to Santayana, and shows that Dewey, the avowed instrumentalist, understood more clearly than he the role of ideas in art and the significance of art for true philosophy.

Dewey is able to do so, however, because he rejects from the outset both the misplaced scientism and moralism of the earlier pragmatist tradition and the artificial sensationalism and emotivism of conventional aesthetics. As such, a work of art is neither a statement of fact nor a judgment of right and wrong (though it must be added that Dewey himself does not always sufficiently realize that in context it may contain—or use—such statements and judgments without destroying the integrity of the work of art). But from this delimitation it does not follow that a work of art must be regarded only as a congeries of agreeable feelings and sensations. In fact, pure sense-data, divorced from thought and action, are philosophical monsters that correspond to nothing actually "given" in experience. Like every other department of philosophy, traditional aesthetics has been bemused by age-old dualisms between thought and sensation, theory and practice, ideas and emotion for which experience itself provides no warrant. The question, so far as the appreciation of art is concerned, is not whether the intellect is operative, but how it operates and to what

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end. For Dewey, the great thing about the arts, not-so-fine as well as fine, is that they provide occasions for the integral exercise and the cumulative gratification of all our powers of mind, intellectual and imaginative as well as emotional and sensory. And it is for this reason, he contends, that we must go to our fullest, most imaginative responses to great art in order to understand what it is really to have an experience.

HERE WE must proceed with care. In writing *Art as Experience,* Dewey did not intend to drag us out of the ditch of scientism and moralism in order to push us over into a slough of aestheticism, no matter how richly conceived. Dewey is no Pater or Berenson. The purely spectatorial mentality, whether in art or science or education or morality, is always parasitical and commentarial. Philosophically, however, the essential point is that when we contemplate a great work of art at the top of our own form, we are provided even as spectators with a foretaste of what a total engagement of our energies in any domain is really like. An adequate response to works of art is never a passive, "contemplative" acquiescence in something already given. On the contrary, appreciation of any original and creative work of art demands of the audience that experimental attitude toward experience which Dewey prizes, both morally and intellectually, above all others.

In saying this, it should be added at once that Dewey is no romantic subjectivist for whom the work of art provides only an occasion for the observer's own private flights of fancy. It is the work of art itself, not our first-personal responses to it, which is moving or beautiful. What he contends, rather, is that only by involved "transactions" with the work can we hope to discover what it really is. Great art, even after many encounters with it, remains disturbing and exciting, not to our senses only, but to *us.* It engages the man, not a "faculty" of sensibility. Indeed, at its crest, as in *King Lear* or in the later paintings of Goya, it is well-nigh shattering. And this is not just a figurative way of describing a fact about ourselves; it describes an objective quality of the work as we encounter it. However, we won't perceive this quality, or even see how it can be so, if we view the work of art only as a "phenomenon." A work of art exists, as a work of art, not as a physical object only but also as something which is meant to be experienced, undergone, and enjoyed.

This means that Plato was at least half-right in perceiving that there is no poetry that is devoid of emotional excitement and interest. Nor was he mistaken in perceiving by implication that since emotion occurs only where there is conflict and stress, emotion, at least in ordinary contexts, is always a sign of some disturbance in the soul of him who experiences it. Dewey says much the same thing in other terms. On this score, he goes even further than Plato: Works of art, it is said (and Dewey agrees), are expressive rather than merely incitive; but "an impulsion cannot lead to expression save when it is thrown into commotion, turmoil. Unless there is com-pression nothing is ex-pressed." This means that the very act of expression itself is automatically charged with feeling, and that in witnessing the compressions involved in the poetic use of language we ourselves cannot fail to be affected. In short, art by its very nature creates tension. And tension occurs on any level of experience only when perceptions are forced out of their accustomed ruts, ideas beyond the range of routine implications, beliefs outside the contexts of habitual affirmation, and affection beyond the limits of conventional antipathy and sympathy. This is quite as true, moreover, of "classic" as of "romantic" art, of the sculpture of a Donatello as of a Michelangelo, or of the music of a Haydn as of a Berlioz. But if this is so then the real death of art does not lie simply in a loss of sensuous concreteness, but in the unfelt, inexpressive, routine gesture. Similarly the death of aesthetic sensibility consists, not in wallowing in sensuous feeling, but in what I. A. Richards calls "the stock response."

Overstating a point in order to make one, we may say that, in one sense, art *is* emotion. And, as we have seen, emotion does not exist without an abrasion. But whereas Plato feared the emotionality of art, Dewey did not. In explaining why this is so, we move toward the very center of Dewey's philosophy of art. Great art cuts against the grain of customary accommodation and gratification, and in this fact lies a large part of its enormous powers of self-renewal. But this is not its whole essence. For if art is a wound,

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it is also a bow. In this lies the difference between works of art, and, as we so quaintly call them, "acts of God." An act of God merely sears and rends, leaving us prostrate with astonishment or terror or grief. But the work of art is precisely not an instinctual cry of anguish but, so to say, an identifiable *voice* crying in the wilderness which by that very fact assures us that what so strangely disturbs us is not an act of God. Dewey, like Suzanne Langer, is mistaken, I believe, in suggesting that the arts are "languages." But the underlying insight is a sound one. A work of art says something and means something; or, better, it does something and is something only in virtue of the saying and meaning. And in perceiving what is said and meant we find ourselves in the presence of something which, just because it is not an act of God, is profoundly satisfying. As Dewey is fond of putting it, the work of art is an act of expression in which emotion is "funded" back directly into our experience of the expressive object, with the result that, as in high tragedy, even fear or terror is something which we face rather than from which we try to run. High tragedy provides perhaps the most striking confirmation of Dewey's analysis. Why, beyond all others, is the art of tragedy tonic and exhilarating rather than depressing? Not, we may be sure, because the tragedian manages to render a poetic justice which is always as unjust as it is unpoetic. Nor because he reveals to us, as sentimental moralistic critics believe, a supposed law above the laws of men or a truth that nullifies the truths of nature. The redemptive insight afforded by *Oedipus* or *King Lear* is the poet's own act of continuous creation which thereby absorbs and gives meaning even to calamity.

It is not for nothing that the word "experimental" is often applied as a term of commendation in the arts as well as in science; nor is it an accident that critics habitually employ the terms "original" and "creative" in praising both artists and their works. We do well to ponder them. For originality is not the same thing as novelty, nor creativity the same as the ability to amaze. Despite Ezra Pound, "Make it new!" is a foolish dictum for artists. Novelties are literally a dime a dozen, and after one look, even the most astounding phenomenon becomes a bore. If oddity and unlikeness as such were "the distinguished thing" in art we could have it by any random hoot or belch. As the author of Genesis understood, creation is always of a cosmos, and only the origins of a *world* are perpetually original. He also understood that creation moves *out* of chaos. And what distinguishes an origin from any arbitrary point in the primordial flux is only the fact that it represents the rise of a significant movement or action.

It is exactly for this reason that in the higher religions God—the only being who deserves our worship—is conceived first as creator and only secondly as a law-giver, a super-scientist, a father, or a sage. And it is for a similar reason that the religious concern with origins is not a form of ancestor worship but a way of renewing our own source of strength and creativity. As Hume and Kant have both remarked, the "argument" for the existence of God which remains most appealing, even after we have seen through it, is the so-called argument from design. If that argument fails, as for most of us it inevitably must, the basic reason is simply that we cannot honestly view the natural world, by analogy, as a work of art and hence as an act of creation. But we need not pride ourselves upon the fact, for it shows us only how far in the ordinary course we are from God. And this point has quite as much pathos and significance for a naturalist and humanist like Dewey as for the traditional supernaturalist. Indeed, when we look behind their respective theologies to the experiences in which these are grounded, we may see that both are celebrating the same spiritual insight, the one mythically and perhaps credulously, the other more "realistically" as a human ideal. As philosophers we may debate the wisdom or truth of theories of the universe which take that insight as central; what we cannot dispute, if we know what art and creation are, is their centrality for any adequate conception both of the good and of the holy.

IV

THE AIM of all aesthetic criticism is appreciation or, rather, the enhancement of appreciation. Criticism is, therefore, a practical art whose virtue consists in the experience to which it leads. The fundamental question is why criticism is necessary at all.

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In answering it, Dewey further elucidates his view of the objective status of the art object as a work of art and his insistence upon the relevance of prior experience, social and cultural as well as (in a narrower sense) artistic, to aesthetic appreciation.

Works of art, like wise men, do not wear their hearts on their sleeves. If experience and experience alone reveals to us what the work of art is, the experience necessary for such a revaluation requires instruction. It is indeed a measure of the power of a work of art that we must usually go through some travail before we are "up to it." Unfortunately, adequate appreciation is rarely achieved by taking another look. One needs to know just what to look for, "the wee bit," as Tolstoy calls it, which distinguishes genius from mediocrity and in which alone the artist's act of expression lies concealed. Aesthetic criticism seeks to show us the wee bit. However, showing it is not usually accomplished simply by a movement of the critic's pointer. For the wee bit reveals itself only within a context whose own significance can often be appreciated only in virtue of a fund of experience acquired elsewhere. No one insists more strongly than Dewey that good criticism should not go "outside" the work of art, but equally no aesthetician has argued more emphatically that it is not self-evident just where the inside ends and the outside begins. The spatial metaphor, moreover, is misleading. For what is "inside" a work of art is what gets put there by the artist, and if we lack the learning and sensibility necessary to grasp the full intention of an artist like Milton or Haydn, we may find something to enjoy but it will not be the work of art which has been created. Experience breeds appreciation, and there is no way of telling in advance what we need to know and to have appreciated in order to see the stroke of genius in *Samson Agonistes* or the "London Symphony." In short, in art appreciation as in any other activity, success requires experimentation in order to perceive the relevant connections and relationships that define the quality of the particular composition.

Study of the cultural and artistic background of a work of art bears other fruit no less indispensable to the critic. For one thing in making him more perceptive of the varieties of individual talent, it also makes him more sensitive to the many different ways in which works of art may go wrong or right. For another, it helps him to avoid the crippling stock responses with which most persons approach any new work of art. We always tend to view any object, artistic or otherwise, with eyes and minds adjusted to its similarities to what has gone before. From one point of view, this is as desirable as it is inescapable. But similarity, if unmitigated, breeds contempt. The virtue of wide experience is that, by dissociation and contrast, it not only frees us from obsession with artistic styles and forms to which we have become addicted merely because we are familiar with them but also it enables us to return to the familiar with a sense of its own strangeness and individuality. It has been truly said that no one understands his own language unless he learns a foreign tongue, and of course the point works both ways. If nothing is old, nothing can possibly be new, and in relation to what is new the old is renewed and makes itself felt as if for the first time.

What is true of criticism, whose end is appreciation, is true *a fortiori* of appreciation itself. One does not have to be a complete determinist in order to assent to the obvious truth that every perception and every experience is a function of all that has happened to us in our lives. For those to whom little has happened, it is unlikely that much will happen in the presence of *Don Giovanni* or the Sistine Chapel. Dullness breeds only dullness, and inexperience breeds nothing but a sense of inadequacy and futility. What constant intercourse with great works of art in many ages and traditions makes possible is that ranging sympathy which, morally and aesthetically, is the condition of *civility*.

These remarks are not meant as a justification of eclecticism or that passion for the exotic which is so characteristic of many aesthetes in our time. "Each culture," says Dewey, "has its own individuality and has a pattern that binds its parts together." Nor can any individual, even if he tries, wholly transcend the culture which has shaped his personality and sensibility. Nevertheless, as Dewey goes on to remark, "when the art of another culture enters into attitudes that determine our experience . . . [it] does not thereby lose its individuality but takes unto

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itself and weds elements that expand its significance. A community and continuity that do not exist physically are created."

V

DEWEY'S OWN astonishing hospitality to diverse forms of culture and of art did not in the least blur his own integral standards of artistic excellence. In fact, if I have a quarrel with Dewey as a philosophical aesthetician, it is with his failure to perceive how far his own analysis of *the* aesthetic experience is itself conditioned by a critical and cultural ideal which places a premium upon normality, stability, and what he has called "equilibrium of form and matter." Dewey's taste, in short, remains (although in a very different sense from that intended by James) a "classical" taste which is offended by works in which, for whatever reason, that equilibrium is deeply broken. The trouble is that he does not see that after all even his taste and his ideal of artistic excellence is but one taste and one ideal and indeed that his whole analysis of the aesthetic is, at bottom, a normative or directional analysis whose function is to inculcate those attitudes toward life as well as art which he considers sane and normal. In a deeply revealing passage he says:

> The danger is that the critic, guided by personal predilection or more often by partisan conventionalism, will take some one procedure as his criterion of judgment and condemn all deviations from it as deviations from art itself. He then misses *the point of all art,* the unity of form and matter, and misses it because he lacks adequate sympathy, in his natural and acquired one-sidedness, with the immense variety of interactions between the live creature and his world. (Italics mine.)

This is a fine as well as a typical statement, but it shows, I think, how little Dewey himself was aware of his own rationalistic bias. Suppose the critic—a kind of William James returned to judgment—should reply as follows: "The danger is that the rationalistic philosopher, guided finally by personal predilections for what he admires as wholeness, sanity, and unity of form and matter, will take them as necessary conditions of excellence and thus condemn all deviations from them as deviations from art itself. He then misses the point, not of all art perhaps, but of those forms of 'romantic' and 'decadent' art which by definition are not interested in the unities which Dewey takes to be the point and condition of all art. And he misses it because he lacks adequate sympathy, in his own natural and acquired one-sidedness, for authentic forms of artistic creation that are based upon a self-conscious and deliberate rejection of ideals, artistic and otherwise, that are not in accord with the sentiment of rationality."

Whether I myself would advocate such a reply is beside the point; it is rather that, like Aristotle before him, Dewey is not—and perhaps cannot be— a merely natural historian of art forms, any more than he is a merely objective analyst of *the* standards of art criticism. Like every other philosopher, he tends in effect to write his own natural history into his morphology of art. Thus, despite his hostility to essentialism Dewey himself finally falls into it. He does so because, like the rest of us, he tends to confuse a particular vision of the wisdom of life and hence of the wisdom of art with the nature of wisdom as such. And at this point, I believe, he ceases to be experimental in his own widest sense of the term.

Once more a comparison between Dewey and Aristotle may prove instructive. It has often been remarked how necessary is an understanding of Aristotle's *Ethics* for an understanding of his *Poetics.* From his *Ethics* we begin to see how deeply his theory of tragedy is rooted in his ideal of human well-being. That ideal, in which notions of proportion, balance, and normality figure so prominently, found its natural dramatic counterpart in the art of Sophocles. Accordingly, it did not occur to him that his definition of tragedy must inevitably lead him not only to prefer Sophocles to Euripides but, which is more important, that in disposing us to look at *Hippolytus* or *Medea* through eyes adjusted to *Oedipus Rex,* we might be led to a stylized perception of them which, although possibly interesting and rewarding, might also be false to Euripides' central dramatic intention. Now Dewey's philosophy of art, based as it is upon a wider experience of works and forms of art, is of course more catholic and open-ended than Aristotle's. But because it is based upon a particular ideal of "consummatory" experi-

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ence, it offers us at best only the description of an *exemplary* experience of art and by implication of an exemplary ideal of artistic form which inevitably slants his interpretations and appreciations of a great deal of mannerist, romantic, and despite many insights, modern art. It disposes him, in short, to regard as a breakdown of aesthetic art those artistic forms to which his notion of "having an experience" seems misapplied.

No doubt the proof of all criticism, whether in art or in morals, should be experience. But as Dewey himself points out again and again, we don't go to experience, whether of art or of anything else, completely empty-handed. His notion of what is involved in "having an experience" is not neutral; on the contrary it provides an implicit set of instructions to the jury whose experience is to provide the evidence for analysis and criticism. If those instructions are faithfully followed, then, as it appears to me, the jury will be bound at once to misconstrue and to denigrate many of the distinctive, wholly self-conscious qualities of 19th- and 20th-century art forms. Abrupt modulations and dissociations, unprepared shifts of context, tone, and style, violent distortions, ruminative developments, and proliferations of detail are all endemic to the most striking and original works of modern art in all mediums. It is as though the modern artist not only does not want us to have "an experience" in confronting his work, but even that he repudiates the whole ideal of having an experience. Such words as "unity," "wholeness," "integration," and the rest are prejudicial or even self-defeating when applied to the art of a Dostoevsky, a Berlioz, or a Delacroix; applied to the most striking works of a Faulkner, a Sartre, or a Ionesco they seem irrelevant. And if these norms of aesthetic quality, naturally and happily applied to Racine and Mozart and Donatello, are stubbornly stretched until they do apply appropriately to any art that might sincerely be judged as aesthetic or fine, then to that extent they lose significance as critical ideals and become instead no more than redundant synonyms for artistic goodness or excellence itself.

At bottom, Dewey's failure to perceive this fact marks the limitations for his own pragmatism and experimentalism. Dewey perceives a difference between the functioning of "signs" in poetry and in science; as he puts it, language is used "expressively" in poetry, whereas in science it is used for purposes of "statement." What this comes to, so far as I can see, is simply that we don't normally do with a poem what we do with a scientific statement. Even so, recognition of that difference is a great gain. The trouble lies in the supposition that when words aren't being used expressively, they must be used, if they are meaningful, as statements of empirical fact. Such a simple-minded dichotomy of linguistic functions will not do. Commands, invitations, statements of principle, and expressions of religious faith are not in ordinary contexts forms of imaginative literature; nor are they statements of fact verifiable through the procedures of empirical science. The same is true of many other common forms of utterance, though this is sometimes concealed from us by the fact that their grammatical structure is no different from statements of fact. Some time ago, in an essay on Sidney Hook's philosophy, I argued that Dewey's ethical theory fails in the end because he does not clearly see the difference in logical function between commending something as desirable and describing or stating the fact that it is desired under certain "normal" conditions.* An analogous error afflicts his aesthetics. Why is there no recipe for making works of art? I answer: because there is no formula for specifying under what conditions any object is properly appreciated as a work of art. Aesthetic appreciation, literally, knows no bounds, since it is always possible that some original and creative work, for which we can find no adequate analogue in past experience, may command our admiration as a work of art. In the past this has happened many times; it is also happening now in music, in the plastic arts, in the movies, and in new forms of imaginative literature that fall, inconveniently, between the genres. Every such work, one way or another, pushes back the frontiers of artistic success and ar-

* See Commentary, February 1962. The conditions specified by Dewey are those of understanding of (relevant) causes and consequences of realizing the object of desire. As I contended, we can always significantly ask of anything desired under such conditions whether it really is desirable, i.e., whether it ought to be desired.

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tistic appreciation beyond those previously acknowledged. This is not to deny that we ourselves may have artistic standards; it is to deny only that there can be general principles, such as the principle of "unity of form and matter," that define absolutely the conditions of aesthetic experience.

VI

THE FOREGOING animadversions, it must be understood, are not meant as a wholesale attack upon the aesthetics of pragmatism. On the contrary, they are intended only to show that, in spite of himself, Dewey's aesthetics is insufficiently pragmatic and experimental, especially as regards the problem of meaning. Like Peirce, Dewey is committed to the principle that we can determine the meaning of an utterance only through a study of what is being done in making it. But like Peirce also, he has difficulty, in the end, in comprehending that there is any reason to make a statement except in order to describe or predict some matter of empirical fact. This difficulty can be overcome by the contemporary pragmatist, not by more and more ingenious "translations" or "reconstructions" designed to show the empirical cash value of assertions, but rather by closer contextual analysis of the actual intent of what is asserted.

This is not to say that the study of linguistic performances is a philosophical be-all or cure-all. On this score, my sympathies remain with the pragmatists who, from Peirce to Dewey, have contended that philosophy should be a search for self-control and self-knowledge, ultimately, that is, for wisdom in the conduct of life. What distinguishes pragmatism as a historical school of philosophy is not so much its technical achievements in the analysis of symbolic forms as its approach to such analysis. Confusions of categories are sources of intellectual error, and for that reason alone they should be rooted out. But confusions of categories usually also represent underlying confusions of value, and confusions of value are a prime source of spiritual error. And it is for this reason that category mistakes are of concern to the philosopher, whose interest is not in knowledge only but in wisdom. In fact it is just this recoupling of the motives of the logician and the analyst with those of the sage that makes pragmatism a green place in the increasingly dessicated landscape of 20th-century philosophy.

The immense service to philosophy which John Dewey rendered in *Art as Experience* lies less perhaps in the clarity of his analysis of the aesthetic and artistic use of symbols than in his recognition that there is such a use, distinct from their roles in positive science, and in his tireless insistence that understanding of it is humanly of the very first importance. Positivistic philosophers, including many pragmatists, oppose confusions of categories in the name of science; despite his own egregious assumption that knowledge and positive science are one, Dewey opposes them in the name of art and in the name of man.

Followers of Dewey sometimes call their philosophy "scientific humanism"; so far as Dewey himself is concerned, such a description is inaccurate, for Dewey's humanism, like his pragmatism, has a deeper commitment to the arts than to science—to aesthetic experience than to scientific inquiry. However, such a way of putting the matter is misleading, for it ignores the fact, which Dewey stressed in *Experience and Nature,* that science itself is also an art and that its enjoyment can also be a consummatory experience. Better to say, therefore, that what Dewey proposes is nothing less than a total reconstruction of philosophy which itself can only be accomplished through an experimental reconstruction of the governing ideals of our entire culture. This reconstruction, if it is to be effectual, requires simply that we turn philosophy inside out so that hitherto peripheral subjects such as the philosophy of art and of education may become central and the central "disciplines" of modern philosophy—logic and the theory of knowledge—may finally find their own proper places in a true republic of philosophical studies.

Such a task, we may be sure, is not easy. Indeed it is vastly harder now than in the late 20's and early 30's when Dewey was writing *Art as Experience,* for then the place of science in American education and in American civilization still remained uncertain. It is so no longer. In an era of technology and cold war, when science, joined in an unholy and perhaps suicidal marriage with politico-industrial power, provides our pri-

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mary standard of human achievement, art, and science itself as art, can only seem a luxurious adornment of life. There lies a large part of our contemporary tragedy. For when reduced to a low-grade science, art, like religion, loses its mind; when, like science, art is converted, along with education, into a decoration or instrument of policy, it loses its soul.

Dewey never tires of telling us that the primary gift of art is a consummation and refreshment of experience, and that in this gift alone we may discover the proper meaning of Matthew Arnold's definition of poetry as "a criticism of life." The arts, as he says, provide us with "a vision of possibilities" which, when placed in contrast to actual conditions, affords "the most penetrating 'criticism' of the latter that can be made." For it is only through that vision, when it becomes impassioned, "that we become aware of constrictions and burdens that oppress." It is for this reason that a self-critical society, aware of the primordial sin of pride, needs its poets and artists, and needs them fierce, untamed, indomitable, and free. And it is for a similar reason that our age, afflicted with acquiescent, hand-to-mouth neopragmatists who whirl like dervishes around its unvital center, so desperately needs another Dewey who will show us where lie the deeper tap-roots of self-criticism, spiritual strength, and self-renewal.

As a pragmatist, Dewey understood fully the aim of philosophy as individual and communal self-knowledge and self-control. It is therefore fitting that this essay should close with a remark about the metaphysical implications of Dewey's aesthetics, for metaphysics—literally "after physics"—is nothing but first philosophy. In the first place, the fact that Dewey could even find such implications in aesthetics shows how well he himself understood that metaphysics as first philosophy cannot be a super-science even for those whose own first-philosophy amounts, at bottom, to a commitment to science as the preeminent human activity and whose notion of what is meaningful and real is exclusively a function of the procedures integral to that activity. No less significant, however, is the fact that for Dewey, to whom as to all pragmatists, "experience" is the philosophical golden word, it is the experience, the full and funded *undergoing*, of great art that reveals to us what our own metaphysical substance really is. In a fine chapter on "The Challenge to Philosophy," Dewey says that:

> esthetic experience is experience in its integrity. Had not the term "pure" been so often abused in philosophic literature, had it not been so often employed to suggest that there is something alloyed, impure, in the very nature of experience and to denote something beyond experience, we might say that esthetic experience is pure experience. For it is experience freed from the forces that impede and confuse its development as experience; freed, that is, from factors that subordinate an experience as it is directly had to something beyond itself. To esthetic experience, then, the philosopher must go to understand what experience is.

In short, aesthetics, at least as Dewey conceives it, *is* the metaphysics of experience.

Whether or not we can absolutely agree with this—and for reasons that must be explained elsewhere, I myself cannot—this statement suffices to show how far is Dewey from those among his followers who would have us believe that the dictum "Science is knowledge" alone can show the way back into the heart either of metaphysics or of philosophy. *Art as Experience* affords no final wisdom; indeed the wisdom of the great opponent of "the quest for certainty" is that such a wisdom does not exist. But it will do until something else is provided, either in America or elsewhere. Meanwhile, so long as our "experiments in living," as John Stuart Mill called them, do not involve the possibility of irreparable harm to others as well as to ourselves, we might try to experiment a little on our own. Should we do so, we may be surprised, both as philosophers and as men, at what we find. A good place to begin, I have discovered, is to reread the last sentence of Dewey's book: "Art is a mode of prediction not found in charts and statistics, and it insinuates possibilities of human relations not to be found in rule and precept, admonition and administration." In paradoxes begin responsibilities.

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Some Intelligent People

To the Editor of Commentary:

I appreciated Mr. Goodman's insights in "The Ineffectuality of Some Intelligent People" [June]. These people are potential allies of the bomb banners and Hiroshima protesting groups. . . . But if they really understood the reality of power, perhaps they would more fully appreciate the role of American defense and power in preserving peace and freedom in the world. . . .

Mr. Goodman as well as his ineffectual bourgeois (his term) have made Hiroshima the symbol of a crime and of the future that awaits us if the United States doesn't disarm. To refresh memories, Hiroshima was the final blow in the war against fascism. If the bomb was available in 1942 would Mr. Goodman have been willing to use it against a German city in order to prevent "the final solution"? In light of his position I would like to know what his position was on the U. S. defense issue from 1938 to 1941 when Norman Thomas, pacifists, and Quakers were inveighing against the belated defense efforts of the Roosevelt government? In denying the existence of the "Berlin" problem Mr. Goodman seems to ignore that the greatest threat to peace was the Soviet blackmail tests and constant threats against free Berlin. Generally I would like to know if Mr. Goodman opposed our containment efforts of the last fifteen years, and if so, what alternative did he have to Communist victory?

Perhaps, we should all drink deep of the wisdom of Reinhold Niebuhr who committed himself against demoniac forces many years ago. Perhaps the Unitarians and Mr. Goodman may learn from him about the motivations of the Hitlers, Stalins, and Maos and the forces needed to restrain them. If the good people—and Mr. Goodman is a good person—fail to learn about the insanities of totalitarianism, all they dread and fear may come true. They may doom all of us to the horror pyres along with those other innocent, peace-loving people—who ignored the power game—the European Jews.

Marvin Maurer

Jackson Heights, New York

To the Editor of Commentary:

Paul Goodman is a privileged writer indeed. At least, it appears from his article that he is permitted to send his manuscript directly to the printer. . . . Therefore I am suggesting some remarks an editor might have made to Goodman, if he had had the opportunity. . . .

"As the piece now stands [Paul], it makes you sound like the ultimate sectarian who invites the whole world to join in his personal crusade, only to denounce all who deny themselves this privilege as 'profoundly pathological. . . .'

"You betray your own myopia, too, with remarks that indicate you see only the similarities in Nixon and Kennedy and miss the differences. Can you imagine Nixon inviting Oppenheimer and Pauling to dinner at the White House? Can you imagine Nixon withholding aid from the right-wing Laotians in order to force them into a 'neutralist' government? . . . Kennedy does what he thinks needs doing. Nixon would have done only what he thought he was expected to do. Your suggestion of boycotting the entire electoral machinery would be much stronger if you based it on specific policies as Thoreau did, rather than confuse your audience by trying to tell them there is no choice between a Kennedy and a Nixon. . . .

"Now, Paul, I dare say you are interested in stimulating your readers to think. The danger is that they will think about what you have said and not what you want them to think. A reader of this article could say to himself that Goodman decries nuclear war and grant that all well-meaning men do so. The reader will agree that some of these well-meaning men choose 'deterrence' as a 'lesser evil.' But the reader thinks that Goodman does not say what is his alternative to nuclear warfare. Goodman would 'call for a national and world-wide mourning for Hiroshima' as a 'first stroke of unfinished business in this area.' (Tune in tomorrow and learn the second stroke.) Whom is he trying to convince of what? Is he asking those who are committed to deterrence as an alternative to put down their bombs and take up their prayer wheels? If he is, he is talking to the wrong audience because they are committed. Is he asking the

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confused and uncommitted to march with 'young beards, jeans, and sandals' in their adolescent revolt against their fathers? If he is, he is confusing them more, because the 'young beards, jeans, and sandals' are soon enough put aside for sincere ties, gray flannels, and bridge tables. Who is the confused one to march with, then—the peace lovers who endorsed the Stalin-Hitler pact? A reader might even ask at this point to which jail he should address Goodman's mail, or where does Goodman think Congressman Kastenmeier has earned the respect of his constituents—in Washington or in jail? The reader might ask if Goodman is trying to tell the uncommitted, confused citizen that nuclear war can be prevented by his associating with disreputable causes....

"Perhaps, Paul, it is better to spit on 'well-intentioned and radical professors' who are 'more timid about doing their jobs' than to suggest a second stroke after we mourn for Hiroshima. (When do we mourn for Budapest?) Do you mean to tell your readers that there are no academicians who have entered the political arena to protest against deterrence and the garrison state? Some readers know some who have. . . .

"Paul, you and I know that you don't go around pushing machines off the sidewalk. . . . but has it occurred to you that in repeating these stereotyped notions about the emasculation of the machine-bound workers and managers, you are perpetrating and reinforcing the prejudices of the bigoted types in our society? Don't you think we could agree that we live in a machine-oriented, profit-motivated society and that what we really ought to be concentrating on is how to use the affluence that flows from this orientation and this motivation as a tool for freeing man forever from the burden of scarcity? Can't you integrate this marvelously productive system into a social structure realizing man's aspirations for peace and satisfactory life? Picking arguments with the friends of the machine over how much harm the machine does to man by limiting the range of his decision-making indicates that you really don't accept the machine and that you are not prepared to live side by side with it. . . .

PAUL YAGER

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Paul Goodman's article . . . rings true to those of us who happen to be hanging around the groves of academe or in certain professional circles. Take my own field—the library. Here the guardians of the Word have channeled all their energies into stirring phrases of high resolve. They have *verbalized* their contempt for censorship into a Bill of Rights proclaiming the freedom to read. But when a study was made a few years ago in California and librarians were queried on their attitude toward censorship, this very Bill of Rights was found posted on the glass door of the locked bookcase housing the deportees from the open stacks. Whether Tarzan and Jane were living in sin is not the question to pose and research. . . . The question is are the librarians living in sin (in the sense that duplicity is a sin) by not only removing books as soon as any pressure is applied, but even more by not buying controversial books in the first place.

But I take issue with Mr. Goodman when he says that he does not believe the professors to be timid and afraid of losing their jobs. On the contrary, they're scared to death of this very thing; that is, they fear losing the briar pipe collection, the multiplex hi-fi set and/or the trip to Guatemala, Rome, and points East. They sense that Americans have a fear, as Caesar said of Cassius, of the man who thinks too much; this being a form of democratic fallout in our country. The professor also feels totally unprepared for any other modus vivendi than the academic life and as a professor has developed quite a skill for rationalization. After all this is the best of all possible worlds and the teacher is the "noblest Roman of them all." Furthermore, the professor needs only to pose the questions. He's not obliged to find the answers, which, incidentally, Mr. Goodman did not do either. . . .

LILI ARTEL

San Lorenzo, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I wonder why Paul Goodman in his birds-eye view of some intelligent people and their ineffectuality managed only an oblique reference to the most obvious reason for this pathology (his term)—a realistic evaluation. Many intelligent people can appreciate the magnitude of the forces which got the world in its present state, have a pretty good idea of what's to come, and know how little their own efforts will accomplish. In a . . . system that can pull the rug from under an Oppenheimer or casually tune out a Pauling, Russell, or Eaton, the average Unitarian or assistant professor doesn't see much use doing his bit for world disarmament or social justice by carrying a sign or singing anti-HUAC songs while the physicist plays

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the guitar. Beating one's head against the wall in this way is probably more pathological than not bothering. Most intelligent people like to see some correlation between their efforts and achievements. With limited time and energy available, this usually means sending a check to SANE so they feel they're doing *something* and then painting the kitchen, taking the kids to the zoo or, if they're particularly articulate, writing an article for COMMENTARY.

ROBERT R. KOHN

Cleveland, Ohio

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Paul Goodman ends his article . . . by putting forth a statement of ineffectuality more horrible than any he had previously imputed to others. He tells us, "To think and then act requires faith"; he proceeds to passionately develop this point and then ends, "Of course, I do not know where such faith in the nature of things and in the human community comes from, nor how it can be infused. . . . It is not very helpful of me to end these reflections with a confidence that I cannot transfer from my breast to yours." You're damn well right, it is not helpful—in fact, it is about as destructive a measure as I can think of.

Faith is apparently the stuff that makes men move. We know that there are some, like Paul Goodman, who seem to have faith in themselves and their actions. There are also a good many of us who do not. For one reason or another, we remain cut off from decisive action at a crucial point. How can we touch and hold on to faith? We can only do this person to person. Only the helpful presence of someone who has faith can encourage me to touch his faith and hold on to it. Buber was struck with an awesome insight into *Tsaddikism* when he realized the *Tsaddik* was committed to know the need, and help. He could not personally evade a question of giving help or advice. The *Tsaddik* would not let "faith" die a black death on the printed page.

MELVIN RUBENSTEIN

St. Louis, Missouri

MR. GOODMAN *writes:*

Messrs. Maurer and Yager fail to understand that we, both myself and my ineffectual professors, are convinced that the escalating Cold War is inherent in our present system: the sovereign states, the power politics, the use we make of technology, and our whole way of life. We need a far more revolutionary change than these gentlemen envisage. Also, by "we" and "they" we cannot mean NATO vs. the Soviet bloc, but the peoples of the world against the sovereigns and their corporate and state economies. All this was taken for granted in my essay—I have developed it a hundred times elsewhere. My theme was that the professors are ineffectual because, though convinced of all this, they do not behave consistently with it and follow the hard consequences. These correspondents, however, want me to speculate and find "alternatives" (e.g. containment, a Berlin policy) within the very framework of war-games and power-politics that *itself* is deadly.

Mr. Maurer assumes, like most contemporary political scientists, that "power," power to coerce, license, authorize, etc., is of the essence of politics. A little social psychology would teach him, I think, that this kind of sovereign power is largely a reaction-formation to thwarted functioning and *thwarts functioning further.* (Normal politics deals with the constitutional relations of functional interests.) There *is* a problem of how to cope when large numbers of people and all of the leaders are subject to reactive power drives and the correlative projected fears; but certainly, to aggravate the psychology, e.g. by mutual defiance and deterrence, is a poor expedient. A good first step would be to withdraw support from the leaders. Mr. Yager, analogously, seems to think that the profit motivation is friendly to a functional use of machinery and a scientific way of life. If so, he is an astonishingly ignorant man. (I would recommend a survey of our own corporate economy and the study of authors like Veblen, Dewey, Kropotkin, Geddes, Mumford, etc.)

In 1938 (and in 1941–5), I was, with grief, a pacifist because I knew that after that war we should be faced with this war; so it has gone on, in the present style, for a century; and the time to stop was then—and now. But I felt then, as I do now, that pacifism was meaningless unless it involved positive action in a different style of life altogether, to drain energy from the madness and create a viable modern world. In a long series of books and articles I have proposed *this* kind of alternatives, "specific policies," with what social effect I do not know. (We have seen, however, the effects of being "realistic" in 1938 without trying to remedy the causes of 1938.) If, as Mr. Maurer says, "Hiroshima was the final blow in the war against fascism," then that method of combating fascism must have been the wrong method, since it led to such an instrument

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and has confronted us with today's retribution. (The actual berserk use of the bomb after the end of the European war was typical of the whole logistic mentality, blind to total meaning; and now we are drifting into a fascism of the majority anyway.) So I say the first stroke of unfinished business is to mourn. When Mr. Yager jokes about "tuning in tomorrow to learn the second stroke," it is really no joke: we mourn because we have lost and are baffled; in order to live on, we have to see in a different way which we do not know. Also, when he asks am I "trying to tell the confused citizen that nuclear war can be prevented by his associating with disreputable causes?" my answer is, "In principle, yes."

I don't know what goes at the President's dinners; he has not invited me. But Mr. Yager's remarks about "sincere ties, gray flannels, and bridge tables," and about jails, are insulting to young friends of mine, are beneath contempt, and are unworthy of further notice.

I agree with Mr. Rubenstein's answer to the dilemma he poses me. We can infuse and hold on to faith only person to person—I should add, in a community. In magazine articles one can give negative suggestions, how to stand out of the way, and sometimes diminish despair by showing the possibility of alternatives. To Mr. Kohn's despair, however, the answer seems to be, "Have another ounce of strength."

For Lili Artel: My main bother with professors is not that they do not put their jobs at stake, but that most of them do not push nearly so far as they could without any risk whatever. So they do not constitute a pressure, a ferment, of intellect. On the other hand, in opposing various policies of the Cold War, a considerable group of teachers has been more vehement than any other professional or labor group. They protest more because, in the relevant areas, they know more.

More on Northrup

To the Editor of Commentary:

As the Rabbi of the Conservative temple in a community that bears a remarkable resemblance to Northrup . . . I hope I may be permitted some extended remarks on the article "A Fund-Raiser Comes to Northrup" [March].

Every sensitive person has the continuing problem of reconciling his hopes and ideals with the realities he finds about him. He must maintain his sensitivity and remain critical, while at the same time trying to shape the reality in the mold of the ideal. It is tragic, however, when one finds it necessary to point a finger of shame and ridicule at those very persons who are faced with the same dilemma and challenge. It is even more tragic when one resorts to snide innuendoes, half-truths, and . . . falsehoods behind a screen of anonymity in order to enliven one's criticism. Miss Rossman is rightly disillusioned, as she had shown in her previous articles, with many aspects of the developing suburban Jewish community. There *is* fragmentation, competitiveness, a loss of values, and indifference. Many others have analyzed this development and the discernible trends, trying to describe the forces both within the Jewish and general community which are at work, and which must be either re-directed or opposed. Miss Rossman, rather than give direction or counsel, prefers to blame the leaders, the rich, and the professionals for the ills and misdirection in the community.

She speaks of the "they"—some nebulous grouping of the sensitive few whose hopes and opinions have been trampled upon by those in authority. "*They* are troubled by the Temple's 'commercialism'"; "*their* opinion of the curriculum is of no interest to anyone"; "*they* had the 'expectation that a wise Rabbi would some day unite the community . . . and that a new style of Jewish living would evolve. . . .'" Anyone concerned with the Jewish community knows that one of the deepest tragedies is that the "they" seldom think of themselves or act as a "we."

And so she resorts to half-truths and falsehoods. . . . Let me, then, point out where the actualities in my synagogue are at variance with some comments made in the article.

In regard to my synagogue it would have been a base slander to say "The enlargement of the building was urged not because the Temple was bursting at the seams but because activity . . . was all but coming to a standstill." Surely, readers should have been told of the necessity to put up a tent for the High Holy Days for the past three years; of the Hebrew School classes and youth programs meeting in a condemned building adjoining the Temple; of the standing room crowds at more than a dozen services throughout the year; of the need to duplicate every school holiday function for lack of space; of the total inadequacy of social facilities. It is an ironic inconsistency that Miss Rossman, while ridiculing the

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need for a new social hall, refers to the one existing room as a *cellar*. No one claims that a new building will in itself bring about a spiritual renaissance, but it may be possible that one of the reasons for a decline in some activities was that people were discouraged or repelled by the inadequate and often uncomfortable facilities.

Miss Rossman writes: "The new Temple, though still not finished, is already being used and is already deeply in debt." My synagogue's debt has nothing to do with the new building. We would have it anyway. It is caused *simply and totally* by the expansion of our Hebrew School. Last year, with 450 students we had a deficit of $13,000; next year with an expected 500 students we contemplate a deficit of $20,000, *on the Hebrew School alone*. That Jewish education requires "endless fund-raising" is unfortunate, but let us not look for scapegoats. The new building *is being paid for* from the generous pledges of our members. She writes: "All of the Hebrew Schools are for Temple members only." Not so in my synagogue, where mention could also have been made of the many children on scholarship. "Though the Temple library has been closed and not missed for more than a year. . . ." Not so in my synagogue, where, in spite of the fact that the office was temporarily moved into the library, it remained open, and was used by many people. "*They* ask why the Temple does not take a stand on housing for Negroes in town." My Social Action Committee has been taking the lead in organizing a Fair Housing Committee. We are trying hard *not* to allow it to be a "Jewish" project.

These are but a few of the many discrepancies . . . which I could enumerate. But the bulk of the article is devoted to a criticism of the fund-raising campaign and its need. Certainly it is unfortunate that campaigns are necessary, that people have to be urged to give. . . . But I can say in all sincerity and with clear conscience, that the campaign in my congregation was carried out with dignity and cooperative enthusiasm, with a minimum of hard-feelings or residue of discontent. I might add that contrary to Miss Rossman's comments about the inability to pay, we have lost very few members and our total membership today is greater than it was when the campaign began more than a year ago. The professional fund-raiser who spent a few weeks in our community, was a warm, likable person, who left behind many friends among the leadership with whom he had worked.

Certainly one may question the term "need". . . . True, we have no need "for food for the hungry or homes for the homeless"; neither is there a need for the luxurious restaurants and palatial bowling alleys which ring my community and find their support from our people's leisure-time spending. But in simple fairness to the "few members of the congregation interested in donating substantial amounts that would create a useful memorial" it might be pointed out that they are also most generous in responding to the *"needs"* of others; they *do* give "substantial amounts" to the philanthropies, Israel, and the general community, and have helped many individuals in countless ways unknown to others. Our congregation *did need* expanded facilities for its growing membership and carried on a successful fund-raising campaign with which it has been able to build an adequate, but unextravagant, unpretentious physical plant. . . . Compassion has been one of the most significant virtues of our people; it has helped us endure centuries of adversity. Miss Rossman might well have used a measure of compassion in her critique. It is sorely needed.

With these few comments permitted me, I now return to my archeology and mythology, and leave the future of Jewish life to those better equipped to cope with it.

THE RABBI
OF THE CONSERVATIVE TEMPLE

MISS ROSSMAN *writes:*

The issue of fund-raising in Northrup does not lie in the details which we view differently. It cannot really matter whether the Hebrew School is open to members' children only or whether non-members may also come if they pay a larger tuition that includes the cost of membership. It does not even matter that the fund-raiser whom you found a warm and friendly man would be described less flatteringly by others who made his acquaintance. . . .

It is true that I neglected to say that the leaders of the community refused to enlarge their Hebrew School unless a Fellowship hall was built. It was a disagreeable story of the lack of democracy in Northrup and too difficult to explain to a general audience.

If these are not the issues, however, what are they?

For me, it is the immorality of a Temple campaign that uses words meaninglessly, rendering ideas and ideals meaningless. As the ideas give way to empty slogans, religious life becomes impossible and the community

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becomes fraudulent. This is a serious charge, but I make it.

I see an issue in the Temple's role in fostering competition rather than cooperation among its members. I'm concerned with the acceptance of financial strains which will use up energy better put to other purposes. I see the danger in the impatience which makes it possible for a Temple to substitute advertising for education.

A few weeks ago I sent a contribution to your Temple's library, which despite your defense is without books, readers, or funds. I received in the mail an acknowledgement that said, "The Jewish Community Centre gratefully acknowledges your contribution to the Building Fund. . . . 'He who is kind to the poor, lends to the Lord.' " The library will not be able to use the money—but neither will the poor. This is our trouble!

A Point

To the Editor of Commentary:

My comment refers to William Barrett's splendid article "The Twentieth Century in its Philosophy" [April]. Though I am not an idealist, my interest was aroused by the proposition the author quoted from F. H. Bradley: "nothing real could possibly exist." I would like to suggest that this *was* merely the statement of an arrogant Hegelian philosopher. As so often happens with idealists, Bradley was obsessed with the conclusion he wished to reach. For even if one concedes to him his description of existence and definition of what is really real, the most that can be logically concluded is that "nothing real is known to exist." Though neither is very appealing, there seems to be an infinity of difference between the two statements.

James Woodruff
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The Two Israels

To the Editor of Commentary:

I picked up Dr. Weingrod's article on "The Two Israels" [April] expecting to find a thoughtful, penetrating analysis of the social and cultural difficulties facing the Jews of Israel as a result of the ingathering of the exiles. What I found was a shallow, astigmatic survey consisting of some facts, many half-truths, and several gross distortions. Having lived in Israel since 1949, I would like to take issue with Dr. Weingrod on several points:

(1) Dr. Weingrod writes: "It is therefore the new immigrants who take up the conquest of the desert. . . . So the children of Fes and Tunis act out their new society's classic value: reluctant pioneers, they are pioneers nonetheless." This is one of the half-truths which abound in the article. The reader gets the impression that it is *only* the immigrants from the Eastern countries—the Second Israel—who are sent to the new towns and villages. What about the children of Budapest and Warsaw who are "reluctant pioneers"? Has Dr. Weingrod not encountered any of the thousands of these who live in the desert towns of Beersheba and Dimona and Elath? Moreover, let us give credit where credit is due. The settlements of Sdeh Boker, Yotvata, and several other pioneering outposts in the desert were founded and are manned by Israeli-born settlers and not by new immigrants.

(2) Dr. Weingrod cites figures of school and college enrollment of Western and non-Western youngsters. The statistics are reliable, but the implications drawn from them are not. "Since the school curriculum is Western-oriented," he writes, "a large proportion of the immigrant youth either fail to learn or simply drop out of school." What, may I ask, does Dr. Weingrod mean by a "Western-oriented" school curriculum? Teaching reading? Arithmetic? Bible? The problem of reducing the drop-out rate of non-Western youngsters is a very serious one, but it has to be attacked with insight and understanding and not with meaningless clichés. Curiously, Dr. Weingrod glosses over the very strenuous efforts which have been and are being made to improve the educational level of non-Western youngsters and the significant progress which has been achieved. The large number of scholarships to secondary school and university earmarked for students of non-Western families (to the extent that European children speak of being "discriminated against"), the network of evening classes for working youth, even the very existence of free, compulsory education up to the age of fourteen in a country with Israel's limited resources, testify to the fact that Dr. Weingrod's presentation is somewhat less than balanced.

(3) In speaking of the massive financial assistance which Israel receives, he writes: ". . . the immigrants have benefited greatly, but the gravy flows to the veteran population." This is plain unadulterated nonsense! Doesn't Dr. Weingrod know that before the mass immigration to the newly-created state of Israel the veteran Jewish community already enjoyed a comparatively high stand-

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ard of living? Jerusalem's elite Rechavia, to which he refers, was built in the 1930's, so was Haifa's fashionable Mount Carmel district. From a purely economic point of view, were it not for the huge influx of immigrants the veteran population would have been able to attain an economic level considerably higher than the one it enjoys today. The massive financial assistance has gone into housing for immigrants, new agricultural settlements, land development, irrigation projects, industrial enterprises, etc.

. . . No one would deny that there *are* very serious social and cultural tensions between Western and non-Western elements in Israel. There is cause for deep concern and need for increased effort. It is unfortunate indeed that the article by Dr. Weingrod neither focuses properly on the concern nor provides any insights to guide the effort.

CHARLES S. COHEN

New York City

MR. WEINGROD *writes:*

Mr. Cohen's letter raises several questions of fact, as well as a problem of approach. Let us deal first with the facts.

Who are the "reluctant pioneers"? Mr. Cohen implies that I have slighted the contribution of recent European immigrants. The Israeli census of May 1961 includes a breakdown of the ethnic composition of development towns. Mr. Cohen mentions three such places. The *immigrant population* of Beersheba, for example, is divided between the 60 per cent who came from Asian and African countries and the 26 per cent from Europe; in Dimona the proportion is 78 per cent non-European and 12 per cent European; and at Elath, 40 per cent to 32 per cent (the Elath figure is hard to interpret, since the number of unknowns is 10 per cent, and the population is notoriously unstable). If we include the other "desert towns" the distribution becomes even more skewed: at Ofakim the division is 88 per cent African-Asian and 2 per cent European; in Sderot, 90 per cent and 4 per cent; and in Netivot 97 per cent and 0.4 per cent respectively. Mr. Cohen also mentions villages. Of the 34 immigrant villages in the Negev, 2 communities are made up of immigrants from Europe while 32 are composed of non-European settlers. I think that the conclusion is clear and inescapable: the major population group in "pioneering areas" are recent immigrants from non-Western countries.

Moreover, it would be of interest to determine the occupational distribution of European and non-European immigrants in the towns. Who are the storekeepers and officials, and who are the skilled and unskilled workers? Finally, I am pleased that Mr. Cohen agrees to the major point I was making: namely, that when the native Israeli population failed to provide pioneer groups, the new immigrants were sent to fulfill these national objectives. Is not the image of "reluctant pioneers," whether from Fes or Budapest, a melancholy commentary on how men are used in this shift from Utopian ideals?

Now to the question of education. A "Western-oriented" school curriculum, Mr. Cohen, is one which ignores non-Western historical traditions, and bases its educational theory upon the model of the European family. For example, *Hasidism* has its place in the curriculum, but there is only passing reference to the historic development or folk-literature of Yemenite or Moroccan Jews. This curriculum bias is not conducive to promoting a sense of pride or wholeness among non-Western students; indeed, it seems to me rather closely related to the question of school failure and dropouts. In addition, the entire program of studies is based upon the assumption that parents assist their children in doing mounds of homework. This assumption may be valid for European families. But it is perfectly ludicrous when applied to immigrants from Cochin or Kurdistan who have large families and a small income, never attended secular schools, and hardly even speak Hebrew! Since these are elementary facts in Israeli education it is hard to be overly impressed by the "strenuous efforts" being made.

There is, finally, the problem of where the "gravy flows." The question is not whether immigrant housing is built, but rather how these investments affect the total population. The best source in this regard is Giora Hannoch's study of "Income Differentials in Israel." Hannoch's analysis shows, for one thing, that the family income of the veteran population has grown at a greater rate than that of the immigrant groups. Moreover, the author demonstrates that inequality has grown between European and non-European groups: "In the period between 1951 and 1960, per capita income of persons of Asian and African origin rose by 330 per cent, while that of persons of European origin rose by 480 per cent. . . ." This brings me back to "the gravy." Certainly Mr. Cohen knows that not only have new industrial enterprises been built, but also that the income of those who manage

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the enterprises has risen a great deal. He must know that consumer goods are plentiful, since Israel benefits from massive outside financial assistance, and that capital is spent on luxury items as well as on new agricultural settlements.

So much for questions of fact. It strikes me that Mr. Cohen's letter represents an attitude which wishes to see all good in Israel. This is a viewpoint which prefaces each remark by saying "after all, it's a new country," or "Israel has limited resources." I believe that this way of thinking is more damaging than helpful. Lovers of Israel—and I include both Mr. Cohen and myself in this category—need to see Israel as it is, rather than as they would like it to be. For only then may it be possible for Israel to become what it might be.

From One Reader to Another

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In her letter ["Letters," June 1962] attacking Harris Dienstfrey's review of *Judgment at Nuremberg* (or is she attacking Mr. Dienstfrey?), Lili Artel chastises Mr. Dienstfrey for not knowing that a match cut (from the scene of coffee being poured into a demitasse cup to the scene of coffee being poured into a paper cup) is a transitional technique used in film to move from one scene to another. As I recall the review, what Mr. Dienstfrey objected to was the use of this technique to imply an internal relationship between the two scenes when no such relationship was warranted. Mr. Dienstfrey correctly objected to the meretricious use of technical tricks to make it *appear* that something significant has been said when, in fact, nothing has been presented other than the technical device itself. I'm afraid it is Mrs. Artel who has shown *chutzpah* in criticizing a critic without reflecting on what the critic is trying to say.

MARTIN WEINBERGER

New York City

Rosenfeld and Reich

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I would like to thank COMMENTARY for Theodore Solotaroff's poignant article, "Isaac Rosenfeld: The Human Use of Literature" [May]. However, it is necessary to call attention to one very significant distortion: Solotaroff's remarks about Wilhelm Reich's influence on Rosenfeld.

Solotaroff celebrates the fineness of Rosenfeld's mind. . . . He also states that the mature Rosenfeld "found his mentor in . . . Reich." But nowhere does Solotaroff seriously describe *what Rosenfeld learned from Reich*. More, he implies that the fine mind of Rosenfeld chose as a mentor a man who taught him nothing that he could not have learned better elsewhere or who taught him trivial if not bizarre things. To cite: According to Solotaroff, for Rosenfeld "Reichianism often reads as much like Hasidism"; for Rosenfeld "Reichian-method bohemianism" (whatever that may mean) was opposed to "Jewish intellectualism"; and, finally, near the end of Rosenfeld's life, "Reichianism was taking on an increasingly crackpot aura" (we still do not know what "Reichianism" *is* nor do we know from whom the "crackpot aura" emanated—Reich, Rosenfeld, or "Reichian-method" bohemians). From Solotaroff's contemptuous references the reader can only conclude that Rosenfeld's intellect failed when he chose Reich as a mentor or that Solotaroff's failed when he attempted to characterize this mentor.

I have not the space here to spell out in proper detail Reich's influence on Rosenfeld's vision of sexual love, on his "naturalistic ethic," and on the pervasive, daring thrust of his thought. Nor can I even indicate the sweep and depth of that influence on other major contemporary American artists such as Saul Bellow, Norman Mailer, Karl Shapiro, and Paul Goodman. Suffice it here to say that sensitive, serious critics (such as Solotaroff and Alfred Kazin) have been remarkably insensitive and unserious in their treatment of Reich. . . . They have only alluded to something ostensibly so ridiculous it hardly requires serious discussion. . . . Their vulgarization suggests a picture of Reich as a crude ideologist who propagandized an anti-intellectual, free sex platform extolling instinctual expression at any price. That some "beat" writers do in fact propagate such an ideology and invoke Reich's name (often also D. H. Lawrence's—with as little appropriateness) only complicates matters.

However, good criticism should clarify such confusions, not add to them. In this instance, it should make distinctions about Reich's own research, the nature of his influence on the gifted, and the uses of his work by the ungifted. In avoiding the distinction-making tasks and presenting a weird caricature of a highly complex, protean figure, these critics do harsh violence to Reich, to the intellectual history of our age, and to that ideal of the free, supple, sen-

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suous mind Solotaroff so rightly applauds in Rosenfeld.

MYRON R. SHARAF
Research Associate
Center for Sociopsychological Research
Boston, Mass.

MR. SOLOTAROFF *writes:*

In his haste to open fire, Mr. Sharaf does not pay much attention to the position of his target. I was not judging Reich or Reichianism but merely pointing to its influence on a work such as "The Enemy" and, more generally, on Rosenfeld's conception of self-transcendence; further, I tried to indicate how this influence was inevitably conditioned by other of his traits and values, particularly those he associated with his "Jewish intellectualism." Mr. Sharaf's first quote is inaccurate (I wrote "Rosenfeld's Reichianism . . ."), his second is a crude simplification of the "to-fro" relation I described. As for "Reichian-method bohemianism," I doubt if my meaning—again in the context of the essay—is all that obscure or "contemptuous" to anyone capable of understanding the rest of the article. Finally, Reichianism did take on a "crackpot aura" in the 50's and Mr. Sharaf is merely being disingenuous. I cannot speak for Alfred Kazin's attitude toward Reich, and on the basis of my brief and relatively neutral remarks Mr. Sharaf should not speak for mine.

It's true that I did not spell out the precise implications of Reich's influence. There is a passage in the Introduction to the recent collection of essays by Rosenfeld in which I try to do so, and I refer the interested reader to it. It probably won't satisfy Mr. Sharaf—or whoever believes I should have devoted most of my study of Rosenfeld to Reich's research and to his beneficent influence on this writer as well as several others. In the case of Rosenfeld, the only one I know much about, I'm fairly convinced that the influence was not wholly beneficent, to say the least, that it was more apparent in his life than in most of his writing, particularly his criticism, and that one can easily exaggerate it in the latter respect and falsify the character of Rosenfeld's literary mind which was nothing if not open, restless, highly eclectic. Again Mr. Sharaf is right in saying that Reich's influence on a number of contemporary writers has been significant and relatively unnoticed. However, this too is far from being a simple matter, and if Mr. Sharaf wishes to tackle it, I suggest he begin by pondering the burlesque of Reichianism in *Henderson the Rain King*. This again, is not to denigrate Reich's radical influence but merely to say that it has had a complicated effect on the deeper writers.

In the Community

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Milton Himmelfarb's "In the Community" [May] makes a needed observation in the item "Blessings." . . .

It has long puzzled me why secular Jewish organizations should be found bringing court actions to bar any kind of prayer or Bible reading in schools. Anyone taking the trouble to look around has seen that religious observance and practice by Jews is quite limited, except among the Orthodox. Attendance at Temple services is sparse. Saturday in Jewish neighborhoods, again excepting the Orthodox, is the big shopping day. Stores are open and crowds mill back and forth. The bill of particulars can be extended indefinitely.

Why, then, with this record, do those secular Jewish organizations, not particularly noted for the advocacy of religious observance and practice, take such a prominent part in fighting any religiosity in the public schools? It is unseemly and unbecoming, unless they can be said to practice what they preach. Or, to put it in another and blunter way: What is it to them?

SOL PERRIN
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

May I point out two inaccuracies in Milton Himmelfarb's . . . comparison of . . . the situation of Jews in Algeria with those in Hapsburg lands in general and in Prague in particular?

Mr. Himmelfarb states that the Jews of Prague were part of the Jewry of the German *Kulturkreis,* "whose fathers or grandfathers had spoken Yiddish." I was born in Bohemia and spent the first 15 years of my adult life in Prague. I can assure you that those fathers and grandfathers, like their sons and grandsons, spoke German or Czech, not Yiddish. The majority of Jews in Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia spoke German, the language favored by the Austrian government; a minority spoke Czech.

One of the objectives of the emancipation of the Jews, a process which started under Joseph II in the closing decades of the 18th century, was to strengthen the German-speaking segment of those areas.

The other statement to which I must take exception is that "the peasants in the coun-

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try and the workers and servants in the city spoke Czech." The fact is that in the interior of Bohemia most of the population, including merchants, bureaucrats, and intelligentsia, spoke Czech; in the marginal sections (the "Sudeten area") most of the population, including peasants, workers, and servants, spoke German.

Prague, situated in the interior, had a predominantly Czech population in which all socio-economic groups were fairly represented. The German minorities in the Czech cities, including Prague, belonged predominantly to the upper classes, which fact may account for the misconception—spread by German nationalists—that the Czechs were a nation of servants and workers.

With all due respect, I feel that Mr. Himmelfarb, for his comparison with Algeria, should have chosen an area . . . more familiar [to him] than Bohemia and Prague.

PAUL HARTMAN

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Milton Himmelfarb ponders why American Jews failed to react ideologically on the question of relaxing security restrictions on Arabs in Israel. He offers two conjectures . . . but fails to entertain a third possibility: that American Jews were for the most part convinced that critical security considerations, connected with Israel's very existence, are involved here. . . .We can admire and respect Martin Buber's pure and undiluted idealism, but we are not prepared to open the path to possible national suicide. . . . Israel [is] a country whose neighbors still consider themselves at war with her.

What is significant here is the trend. . . . In Israel the tendency is very obviously in the direction of gradual diminution of controls and restrictions, whether civic or economic, as rapidly as conditions permit. There are enough loyal opposition elements in this democracy to see to it that the process continues.

CARL ALPERT

Haifa, Israel

MR. HIMMELFARB *writes:*

Franz Kafka was born not quite eighty years ago, in 1883. My friend Paul Freedman reminds me that only thirty-six years earlier, the Moravian Jews had chosen Samson Raphael Hirsch to be their chief rabbi for his mastery of German, among other reasons. Which is to say that in the mid-19th century the Jews of the Czech lands could still not take German for granted. Even in Germany itself, the novelty of Hirsch's *Nineteen Letters of Ben Uzziel* had been that Orthodoxy was being defended by a German Jew who thought in German rather than Yiddish. Kafka's father's father, therefore, probably spoke Yiddish as a child.

Since I mentioned a Czech elite, I could hardly have assumed that the Czechs were a barely literate plebs.

In 1941 *T. G. Masaryk and the Jews,* a very pro-Czech book, was published here. A chapter by Josef Penizek, about the last decades of Hapsburg rule in Bohemia and Moravia, says: "The Jew was hated as a German and a political enemy. Tension was particularly strong in the rural districts, where at election time Jews invariably voted for the German candidate for Parliament." Masaryk's memoirs record that in 1914, as he was preparing to go into exile to work for independence, he "pleaded" with "reasonable" Jews to "exercise some self-control" and be "more reserved" about their pro-Germanism, because "I was afraid that anti-Jewish riots would affect adversely my work abroad."

Mr. Hartman should read Frank Meissner's remarkable "German Jews of Prague," in the December 1960 *Publication* of the American Jewish Historical Society. I quote one striking detail: "The palatial home of the *Deutsches Haus* would have gone into bankruptcy had it not been for the money of the German Jews and their guests. . . . This center of 'German culture' was a constant thorn in the eyes of the Czechs, who tended to identify everything German with the Jews. And it was an insult to the non-Jewish 'chauvinist barbarians' from the Sudetenland to have such an institution run by Jews. When Hitler's hordes occupied Prague in March, 1939, the *Deutsches Haus* was . . . one of their first seizures."

There is no need to look somewhere else for an analogy with Algiers. Prague will do.

Correction

We neglected to mention that Jean Daniel's article ,"The Jewish Future in Algeria," in our September number, was translated from the French by Polly Kraft.

* * *

The exchange in our September "Letters" section between Michael A. Musmanno and James Grossman erroneously gave 1920 instead of 1927 as the year of the Goddard test; and in one place 1927 was given instead of 1920 as the year of the crime.

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SOFT ADVICE, HARD PROBLEMS

THE PUBLIC HAPPINESS. By AUGUST HECKSCHER. *Atheneum. 344 pp. $5.75.*

Reviewed by RICHARD SCHICKEL

IF EVERYONE WERE as humane, sweet-tempered, rational, and liberal-minded as August Heckscher there would have been no need for him to write this book. Paradoxically, these qualities, so engaging in the man as he reveals himself in these pages, are the very ones which, in the end, make *The Public Happiness* seem so irrelevant. One puts it down with a wistful sigh, wishing that Mr. Heckscher's understanding of our society were true, for then its problems would be soluble in the pleasant, comparatively simple ways this good and gentle man suggests. Its power would then be controlled exclusively by men of good will who would, in a decent, good-humored sort of way, set things to right, meantime carefully respecting both the human and property rights of others. There would be no ugly masses to thwart them, and no economic royalists either. Irrationality would be purged, opportunism would cease to exist, politicians would act like statesmen rather than the culturally laggard pawns of pressure groups, and the citizenry in general take the long rather than the short view of public affairs.

Looking into our society Mr. Heckscher has found real problems, but he seems unable to believe that most men are not like himself and that, therefore, the appeal to reason is likely to have little effect upon them. It is an odd failure; for Mr. Heckscher's diagnosis of our ills, if not especially original, is quite correct. Having sensed that we are traveling the road of unreason, what makes him think that a good, no-nonsense lecture will suffice to set us back on the right track? Why does he seem unwilling even to mention the workings of our power structure, much less analyze it in detail?

I suspect that Mr. Heckscher does neither one because he is a representative of the vanishing tradition of natural aristocracy in this country, a sort of powerless elite who, though shunted aside first by Jacksonian democracy, then by the proprietors of the industrial revolution, retained control of many of our oldest and finest cultural institutions, which were consolation prizes for them as losers in the big power game. They proceeded to build a tradition of *noblesse oblige*, of service toward culture, the nation, and humanity in general. It was—and is—a good tradition, one which has contributed as much to "the public happiness" as any other, and one which has too frequently been dismissed or made fun of by ruder and more radical elements in American intellectual life. Mr. Heckscher's career has been entirely within this somewhat genteel tradition. He went to the right schools (St. Paul's, Yale, and Harvard); he has held the right jobs (editorial writer for the *Herald Tribune*, president of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation, director of the Twentieth Century Fund); sits on the right boards (Mt. Holyoke College, the American Civil Liberties Union, the New School); and has just the right kind and amount of government service (with the OSS during the war, and now the first to be appointed Special White House Consultant on the Arts).

Mr. Heckscher's experience is impeccably correct. It lacks only total engagement in those processes of society which truly determine its course. Thus Mr. Heckscher's book turns out to be an elegy for a vanishing style of life rather than a specific for the deeper sickness of our times. It has its virtues, though. Its tone is unpretentiously learned and it is happily free of both the moralism and the crack of doom which sounds through so many contemporary works of social commentary. And, in his opening section he gives us a true rendering of the causes of modern man's alienation from the community which formerly sustained him.

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His thesis is that

> there can be no public happiness unless there are first of all public things . . . things in the sunlight, things with hard surfaces and clear lines. . . . There has never been such a superfluity of objects, but the way men and women relate themselves to these objects reduces and diminishes them, so that in the end they hardly seem to exist.

THIS LOSS OF the sense of the world's reality he traces to science which introduces an important new level of reality which the average man cannot comprehend, to the dehumanizing effect of machines, to mass communications, to the modernist spirit in art, and to our outlandishly swollen institutions, particularly government. Mr. Heckscher feels, quite rightly, that we are attempting to comprehend and rationalize this world, and to manage it, with the outworn intellectual equipment created in—and only suitable for—an earlier, easier time.

"Amid simplicity and order rationalism is born, but rationalism proves inadequate in any period of upheaval," he writes. "Then equilibrium must be created out of opposites. Such inner peace as men gain must represent a tension among contradictions and uncertainties. A spirit of irony permits men to see that nothing is quite what it appears to be and that causes almost invariably have unexpected results."

A little later, at the end of his discussion of foreign policy, Mr. Heckscher says, "Even the greatest matters call for a sense—submerged but nevertheless potent—that the world is mad." At first glance the statement, coming from Mr. Heckscher, is a startling one. But one soon becomes aware, that for all his strictures against it, he remains a rational idealist at heart. He is merely trying to stretch the definition of this mode of thought a little, so that it will fit modern circumstances. It is an effort foredoomed to failure, for most people have not the time, training, or temperament to adopt that "detached and quizzical spirit" which he proposes as the savior of our sanity, or at least our grace, in the century of the mass mind and the giant institution.

Imagine, for instance, an editorial in the New York *Daily News* written in detached, quizzical, ironic style. Or imagine the owner of a split-level trap in a jerry-built subdivision managing to be ironic about the leaks in the roof or those alarming cracks that have been developing in the foundation. Or, better still, imagine the Special White House Consultant on the Arts maintaining his composure, much less his sense of irony, while some Yahoo congressman, chipped off the McCarthy block, questions his activities.

Thus, Mr. Heckscher's advice to the individual seems very limited, indeed. It is hardly a strategy for engagement or commitment. Rather it is for those who, secure in income, heritage, and taste, prefer to withdraw into a small, neat room with a view, there to observe the surpassing strangeness of the world as it goes by.

But even the more aware among them are likely to be disappointed in Mr. Heckscher's discussion of those problems which can only be solved in what he calls "the public sphere." There he demonstrates a peculiar reluctance to press his point of view to its logical conclusion. He simply refuses to place specific blame for our shortcomings on specific groups or specific styles of thought. He prefers that we all share equally in the blame. For instance, the last section of the book is devoted principally to an attack on the physical ugliness of the modern American landscape. He points out that one cannot live amidst ugliness without its having an effect on the spirit. He pleads for a greater appreciation of beauty and makes a few modest suggestions for improving our cities and dealing with urban sprawl. But there is no recognition of the economic and political facts of life. It is all well and good to say that government could help by building more beautiful buildings for its own use, but that is only the tiniest scratch at the surface of the problem. Indeed, one would not care if the government went right on building badly so long as it insisted that those private citizens who construct the great majority of our buildings, build well. The problem in our cities is that, in the name of free enterprise, real estate operators are allowed to perpetrate both human and aesthetic crimes with impunity. Mr. Heckscher does not so much as hint that these people are specifically to blame for the rot of our cities, and that they quite deliberately balk the common weal, which undoubtedly stands in

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favor of beauty over blight. Listen to any general conversation in New York City about the proliferation of high-rise, high-rent apartments done in the wedding-cake style and one becomes aware that (a) everyone knows they are a shame and (b) everyone feels powerless to do anything about it. Only governmental compulsion can change this pattern of building, which compulsion will only occur when the citizen achieves leverage on the city fathers equal to that of the real estate lobby (i.e. never). Mr. Heckscher, gentle soul, would apparently like to sit down and reason with the realtors as one concerned citizen to another. *That* I would like to see. I'm certain his ironic, quizzical, detached approach would triumph over the demands of the balance sheet.

He demonstrates a similar lack of realism in his discussion of education. Mr. Heckscher is almost poetic in his description of the virtues of the small liberal arts college. Predictably lamenting the decline of Greek and Latin in the curriculum, he nevertheless notes that "in a day when much else is ugly or has been overrun . . . [a] philosopher may discern something close to Utopia in the sight of these young people living and learning together, free of worldly cares." Here, he says,

> young men learned what society required of them as gentlemen and scholars. . . . Yet the best managed to come through with a kind of innocence intact. They were at the same time hopelessly unprepared for the world and yet ready to be at home in it, as only men can be who have learned not to be fooled by the outward look of things. . . .

Well, one hopes the little liberal arts college will not be forced to grow in order to survive. But the principal problem of education today is not preservation of the small college. Nor is it to find a way for the huge educational cafeterias to rescue the old virtues. This is the age of the managers, and what is needed is to find a way to civilize them. Introducing them to the pleasures of being gentlemen and scholars in their off hours may be helpful in this task, but such training hardly strikes at the heart of the matter, and neither does a course in Plato. The job of producing these men in quantity has changed the quality of what must be taught them. They must learn somehow to relate both pressing and long-term human problems to the kind of seemingly abstract decisions they will be called upon to make. But once again, Mr. Heckscher contents himself with wooly generalizations. As with real estate, so with education. He simply will not be specific. He will not go to the power nexus of our society to attempt to reform or change it.

If one wishes to see the inadequacies of the code of the gentleman which Mr. Heckscher so ardently espouses in his section on education, one need look no further than the book in which that section is contained. Perhaps the adherents of the code did learn not to be fooled by "the outward appearance of things." The trouble was that being "hopelessly unprepared for the world" they were bound to fail in their attempt to impress their point of view upon it. Perhaps knowing why they were defeated made their defeat easier to bear, but I doubt it. That they were defeated is clear, for that is why Mr. Heckscher is the President's artistic counselor and not President, as he would be in the ideal state. It is also why he has written merely A Gentleman's Guide to the Twentieth Century and not the truly trenchant book about how to achieve the public happiness which we all so deeply desire.

CASE FOR THE WHITE RHODESIAN

The Welensky Story. By Garry Allighan. *Macdonald. 308 pp. 30 shillings.*

Reviewed by Roger Owen

This new biography of Sir Roy Welensky was written "with every possible assistance" from its subject, the Prime Minister of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Sir Roy would be less than human were he not pleased with the result, since it offers us a picture of him as statesman and visionary, a picture on the same heroic scale as that which Kipling gave us of that other unashamed imperialist, Rhodes. Here, Mr. Allighan would have us believe, is another "immense and brooding spirit." "This man Welensky," he tells us in the final paragraph of a book which spares few adjectives, "is engaged in a valiant endeavour to prevent the remaining light from the guttering

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candle of Western democratic civilization in Africa being extinguished." To liberals of all parties in Britain and to Africans in his own country, this would be laughable, were the case one about which it is possible to be amused. As they see it, the "candle" has yet to be lit, and Sir Roy is a white supremacist all the more dangerous because he affects the enlightened disguise of "partnership." Sir Roy's notorious mask has been stripped off so frequently by now, however, that some of the features behind it have gone too. It is hard now to perceive what is really there. Mr. Allighan's appallingly written, inflated, and evasive book gives us little assistance, and indeed only damages the interests it seeks so transparently to further.

Welensky was born in Pioneer Street, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia in 1907, the youngest child of an unsuccessful jack-of-all-trades from Vilna in Russian Poland and an Afrikaans mother. In his first approved biography (1955) Welensky was half-Jewish, but in this one he has become only a quarter so. Although his father spent his declining years as *wocher* to the Salisbury community, and Roy in the early thirties was the victim of a certain amount of anti-Semitism, Welensky's partial Jewishness seems to have been of no particular significance to him. The category into which he can most usefully be put is that of the white working class, a large and traditionally illiberal group which manages to combine the profoundest contempt for the capacity of Africans with the belief that their exercising of it would constitute a threat. It is to Welensky's credit that he has outgrown the attitudes of this class which now makes up a large part of the white opposition to such modestly liberal measures as he sometimes attempts, but it was through it that he rose to his present position. As an engine driver in Northern Rhodesia he joined what is still the most intransigent trade union in the country, and while still working on the railways, became a member of the Northern Rhodesia Legislative Council where he made a name for himself as the champion of settler interests against Colonial Office "interference." After the War he worked for the closer association of Northern Rhodesia with Southern Rhodesia, labors which were crowned with success in 1953 when the Federation of the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland was created. With Lord Malvern (formerly the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia) he is frequently described as the "architect" of Federation. The edifice over which he now rules is—with effective African governments imminent in two of its territories—in a very precarious state.

THE Federation consists of Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia, and Nyasaland. Southern Rhodesia, with a comparatively large white population of about 200,000 has enjoyed almost complete sovereignty since 1923, when the settlers took over from Rhodes's Chartered Company which had been running the country as a kind of enormous private estate. Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, however, were (and still are in crucial matters) the responsibility of the Colonial Office, and settler interests there, while not in the least neglected, are not so deeply entrenched as those in Southern Rhodesia. In Southern Rhodesia, which sets the "tone" for the whole country, an all-white legislature used its power for thirty years to create a society—now belatedly changing—hardly distinguishable in law and custom from that which existed in neighboring South Africa. The movement for closer association between North and South sprang from settler interests in each territory. The Southern Rhodesians wanted a cut in Northern Rhodesia's large revenues from its prosperous copper mining industry, and the Northern Rhodesians wanted to move away from a Colonial Office which could at any time be occupied by what Welensky calls "long-haired intellectuals" whose "half-baked" ideas might lead them to hand over the country to the Africans. In 1953, the British government made a deal with the settlers. They could have their Federation provided that they took in poor, populous, and very black Nyasaland, and provided that the federal government pursued a more liberal policy towards Africans. The Rhodesians agreed to this, though a large minority of whites in Southern Rhodesia were not at all happy at getting mixed up with all the extra Africans in "the black North," or with the new talk of a "great experiment in race relations" and "partnership." It was in the Preamble to the new Federal Constitution that this by now threadbare word was given its first official airing.

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It is around this word that a great deal of the debate about the Rhodesias has turned. Welensky's critics argue that "partnership" is a sham. They can point to the ill-advised remarks of Lord Malvern about its being a partnership of "the rider and the horse" or about its being "forced on us by the British Government." They can sustain their case by listing many examples of discrimination and of European privilege. They can demonstrate convincingly that the few Africans who sit in the Federal House are Welensky's "stooges." They can point to the large membership of African Nationalist movements in all three territories to prove beyond question that Welensky rules without the consent of the governed. They can show that, from the beginning of his tenure of office in 1956, Welensky was less concerned with winning African confidence ("I don't believe in gestures") than with pursuing his abiding aims—reducing interference from Britain and extending settler power. Indeed, his first major act as Prime Minister in the spring of 1957 was to persuade the British government "to recognize the existence of a convention" whereby it "would not amend or repeal any Federal Act." Soon after this he passed a Constitutional Amendment Act which Mr. Allighan describes as a "massive advance in democracy." He forbears to mention that it caused the resignation of the African Affairs Board—an independent watchdog body set up to guard African interests—which deemed it "discriminating." All this—and a great deal more later—in a society that was to be an example to the world.

HAS Welensky got any kind of a case? Having lived among them, I find the dilemma of the white Rhodesians a poignant one. They settled the country at the end of the 19th century at a time when popularized Darwinism combined with Samuel Smiles to demonstrate that there was only one moral order and that the white man was high in it. Strong in moral conviction, industrious and severe in judgment, they confronted natives who appeared backward, superstitious, smelly, and indolent—almost custom-built to match the prejudices the Europeans brought with them. And when the Europeans began to build their new country, the attitudes derived from this encounter (and from the savagery they witnessed when their numbers were decimated in the Rebellions of 1896 and 1897) were frozen into what they made. They built up the artifacts and institutions of a European society from scratch ("then" and "now" is a theme to which Mr. Allighan and Sir Roy are both prone to return) and set it down between themselves and the landscape. Africans served this society but were not invited—indeed hardly wanted—to share it. More importantly—until quite recent times—the outside world did not seriously question the propriety of what the settlers did. Their reluctance nowadays to share the currently accepted world view about matters of race—which they see as a post-war phenomenon not unconnected with the competing liberalisms of the Cold War—has made them the villains of the political stage, the victims of a double standard of judgment which sees bad behavior from Africans as the result of circumstance and environment, from settlers as the expression of a pre-scientific wickedness. Their old position is of course obsolete, but we should temper the severity of the criticisms we make now with the understanding that historically no group of people would have behaved much differently from the way the white Rhodesians did. In demanding rapid and fundamental changes from them too, we should remind ourselves of what we are asking them to do. We are asking them to perform a surgical operation on themselves for which there is no successful precedent and from which the patient-surgeon might die.

All this can be offered only as a plea in mitigation. It does not make much of a "case." This, the Federal government's and Sir Roy Welensky's view, is adumbrated at great length and with a marked absence of criticism by Mr. Allighan. We are to understand that Sir Roy believes in the civilizing mission of Britain, of a Britain somehow greater and wiser than the real Britain with whom he finds himself so frequently at odds. To this end the vote must be kept in the hands of "civilized" and "responsible" (to whom?) people who will see to it that decent "standards" (this term is used to mean both British standards of probity in public affairs and European standards of living) are maintained. The alternative to this is a number of black states in which something like dictator-

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ship will be the mode of government, and in which Communist influence will be strong and possibly dominant. Sir Roy does not invoke Plato to support his argument, but he could well do so. He genuinely believes that with the "guardians" to direct them, the slaves will find their way to Larissa. He is probably genuine too (though from his treatment in much of the British press one would find it hard to believe) in wishing to admit Africans into a fuller share of the national life, and some legislation has been passed which lays the groundwork for this. But he wants the "civilized" to determine the speed of this admission. The test of "civilization" is a franchise qualification based on income and property which Europeans, however uncivilized, tend to pass, and which Africans, often because they are Africans, do not. It is on this deception that a case in which half-truth and falsehood are curiously intermixed fundamentally rests.

In Welensky's defense it can be argued that the white electorate to which European politicians in the Federation are responsible gives them little room to maneuver. The kind of dramatic changes which were required in the early days of federation in order to win African confidence would hardly have been acceptable, and the white politician who attempted them would have been replaced by somebody more conservative. It is difficult not to suspect however that Welensky has at times welcomed this constriction for the negotiating strength it has given him with Britain. Tragically, he is the only man in Central Africa with the stature and the political adroitness to have pushed the Europeans to their limit without destroying himself. It seems to be too late to attempt this now. White Southern Rhodesians have recently approved, urged by Welensky and their territorial Prime Minister, a new Constitution which admits Africans—fifteen of them—into their legislature for the first time. In terms of their 19th century traditions this represents a tremendous step forward, and to the South African electorate with whom they are often unfairly lumped together, it would be inconceivable. And yet as a gesture—it is no more than that because effective power is still in European hands—it is eight years too late. Africans are not interested, and are not bothering to register in reasonable numbers on the Voters' Roll. The white Rhodesians, of whom Welensky is so completely the type, are changing, but they and he are doing so at a pace which cannot enable them to catch up with the events around them.

PERSONAL, SECRET JOURNEY

DOWN THERE ON A VISIT. By CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD. *Simon & Schuster. 318 pp. $4.75.*

Reviewed by HARRIS DIENSTFREY

DESPITE ALL THAT Christopher Isherwood achieves in his new novel—with its lucid, barely tense prose and its complex structure—*Down There on a Visit* is a curiously thin and, in a sense, even an unfinished book. Isherwood, the author of seven novels, is a rather special sort of writer. Except for his first two books (*All the Conspirators* and *The Memorial*), his work consistently impresses one as coming solely from personal experience. It is as if Isherwood refused to invent or imagine anything, but limited himself to the substance of his own thoughts and feelings, attempting in each succeeding book to understand them more deeply and to record them more precisely. In this regard, Isherwood, an Englishman who became an American citizen in 1946, may be more of an American than an English novelist. On an imaginary line between E. M. Forster and Norman Mailer, Isherwood is somewhere in the middle.

The themes of his later books have not simply been private ones. Nor have the novels taken place in some rarified atmosphere of the psyche, but rather against the increasingly fragmented world of the 20th century. It is in this setting that Isherwood's characters try to halt the self-fragmentation that arises out of their unceasing, soul-deep egotism and its attendant lonely disorders of the spirit—and try at the same time to meet the political and social demands of the larger world about them. In *Prater Violet*, the distinguished and moving short novel that Isherwood wrote in 1945, the young English narrator—named "Christopher Isherwood"—sees no meaning in life anywhere. The book dramatizes his standstill war with himself, with others, and with the world in general; at its end, "Isherwood" cannot

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quite bring himself to the point of asking the Austrian Jew whom he has come to regard as his spiritual father: "What makes you go on living? Why don't you kill yourself? Why is all this bearable? What makes you bear it?" It is 1934, and the older man, a brilliant movie director, has found himself in England making a musical about 19th-century Vienna while behind him, in Vienna, his wife and daughter and his country face the Nazis.

A SIMILAR weaving together of private concerns and public history occurs in *Down There on a Visit.* Essentially the same "Christopher Isherwood" narrates the story, but in this novel there is the possibility he may move to an experience beyond those which created and sustained his personal isolation and his emotional and intellectual vision of emptiness. This subject was also the basis of the flawed yet compelling third-person novel *The World in the Evening,* which Isherwood wrote in 1954 between *Prater Violet* and *Down There on a Visit.* But it was treated there very differently. Much of the difference comes down to the fact that in his newest book Isherwood again speaks through the voice of the self. As a consequence, the perspective is considerably reduced, the tone considerably more personal. One and the same person attempts to guide us through his experiences and to their meaning.

Four unequally successful episodes, each in a different country, take "Christopher Isherwood" from 1928 through to 1953. In each episode, he meets an individual (who gives the section its name) against whom he consciously or unconsciously measures the course of his life. He is twenty-three at the start, a snobbish left-wing aesthete who has just published his first novel. "Now, at last," he begins, hinting at some recent personal breakthrough, "I'm ready to write about Mr. Lancaster."

Angus Wilson has called the first episode, not quite justifiably, "something by Mr. Isherwood out of his Somerset Maugham side." Lancaster, who has invited the much younger "Isherwood" for a visit, is the manager of a British shipping company in Northern Germany. To the narrator, he seems insanely dogmatic, reactionary, and paranoid; and the two men only succeed in antagoniz-

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ing each other. The narrator even rifles Lancaster's desk, and copies a poem he finds there for the purpose of privately ridiculing it before his friends. It is not until several months later, that the narrator learns Lancaster has shot himself. Looking back on his curious visit many years after, he comes to a larger understanding of its meaning: "I think I see now that Mr. Lancaster's invitation to me was his last attempt to reestablish relations with the outside world."

Five years elapse. The second episode, a kind of mood-piece saturnalia, effective but not entirely persuasive, is set on a small Greek island, "governed" by Ambrose, a mock-anarchist and a sodomite who has cut himself off from the world and from any feeling relations with other people. There the narrator succumbs to a passive life of sun, heat, drink, and hangovers. In his own way, he is on a path that parallels Mr. Lancaster's lonely descent into a private world of fantasy. Egotism halts him. He discovers that an acquaintance has written a novel which has sold twice as many copies as his own. His hurt response, petty as it is, reveals to him that he does not belong in Ambrose's world.

THE NAZI rise to power emerges from the background of *Down There on a Visit* with increasing clarity as the novel proceeds. The third episode, a brief, frenetic interlude of public news and personal decisions, takes place in England during the Sudetenland crisis. It is August and September of 1938, a period of imminent war, and the frightened narrator finds living less and less bearable. For the first time, he consciously affirms the personal goal he has always sought. He informs his diary: "I hereby make a bargain with fate—if, by some miracle, we do get through this without war, then I am going back to America . . . and try to unlearn my madness and forget my ancestors and become sane again." Later, tremendously relieved by the likelihood of an agreement at Munich, he writes: "I have made another discovery about myself. . . . I am quite certain of this now: as far as I am concerned, nothing, nothing, nothing is worth a war." The behavior of an old friend from Germany helps him keep his "bargain." Waldemar is not a Nazi, but he cannot resist the forces convulsing the world or deny the impulses ruling his emotions. In the spirit of a last resort, he returns to his homeland. In the same spirit, the narrator acts out the impulses propelling him.

Though these first episodes are constructed with great care and subtlety, there often is something blurry and inconclusive about those events which are meant to reveal the narrator's growing discontent and gradual self-understanding. For example, his egotistic response to the literary success of one of his contemporaries: basically, this incident tells us only what we already know, that the narrator is, indeed, an egotist. Yet the incident seems, tantalizingly, to mean more. But exactly how much is not clear. Does his response mean that he has left private fantasy behind him for once and all? Or that the narrator, succumbing to his egotism, lacks any other kind of strength? In a similar fashion, the descriptions of incidents and characters throughout often puzzle as much as they enlighten.

Yet one still tentatively assents to these parts of *Down There on a Visit*. In a way, they seem to provide only a prelude to the last episode of the book, the longest and by far the best of the four. It is here that the novel promises to come to a head. The time is 1940, and the narrator, now in America, is no longer traveling. He has become a pacifist and a student of Eastern philosophy. He lives in California and works in Hollywood, and it is there (where else?) that he meets Paul, "the most expensive male prostitute in the world." When Paul, verging on suicide, turns to him for help, the narrator attempts to give it, thereby marking the distance he has traveled since the days of Mr. Lancaster, another man verging on suicide who also needed help.

As a work of fiction, this episode is a triumph of Isherwood's novelistic talents. Paul is an amazing person and an amazing character. Like the hipster pimp, Marion Faye, in Norman Mailer's *The Deer Park* (with which the entire episode has some striking parallels), Paul burns to go as far as he can in all directions of his being. With the narrator's assistance, he too becomes absorbed in Eastern philosophy and becomes a pacifist. During the war, interned in a C.O. camp, he saves two people in a forest fire. After his release, he decides to become a psychoanalyst. In the middle of his studies

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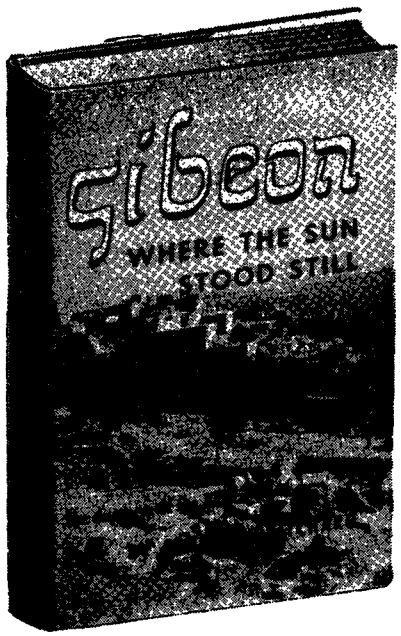
(in which he excels), he abruptly returns to his old life—to see if anything has changed for him. He follows this exploration by becoming an opium addict. "That will of his," a character exclaims. "These terrific spasms of energy." The man who delivers this muted judgment is the teacher-saint who, by explicating elements of Eastern thought, helps Paul in his original "conversion" from prostitution. During their discussion, he is no less believable a person than Paul himself.

Even so, it is in this chapter that the web of meaning which connects the narrator to the book's other characters and to its larger pattern gradually disappears. Between Paul and the world there clearly exists a dynamic relation diametrically opposed both to the withdrawals of either Mr. Lancaster or Ambrose and to the animal surrender of Waldemar. But what this relation is or what it means to the narrator, or what he in turn may mean to Paul, remains unexplained and thoroughly obscure.

At one point, the episode becomes utterly and unintelligibly grotesque. Every character seems to be either an Englishman or a homosexual—and for a while it makes little difference which—even if the character is a twelve-year-old American girl. Then, in its closing pages, the book suddenly dwindles into a series of anecdotes concerning the last years of Paul's life. The narrator, as a person, becomes only a recording mouthpiece. We have no notion of how, if at all, he has changed. *Down There on a Visit* does not so much end as simply stop—on the edge, as it were, of something it has not yet made clear.

The irresolution seems almost deliberate. It may be that *Down There on a Visit* cannot end because it has never completely revealed its beginning. As the title's ironic reference to Huysmans' *Down There* suggests, the narrator is a sinner but a cautious one. He is a voyeur, essentially, and an egotist. But these traits, neither uncommon nor monstrously evil, are insufficient to account for his extreme disaffection. Nor is the narrator's horror of war quite enough. *Down There on a Visit* means to portray a man's journey out into the light, or into at least some glimmer of it. But the point is, "Christopher Isherwood" has never disclosed the dark nights of the soul which shut out the light in the first place.



THREE SPECTACULAR FINDS at the site of Gibeon in the Arab village of el-Jib mark it as one of the most important in biblical archaeology. Here, the director of the dig tells about the dramatic unearthing of a tunnel of 93 rock-cut steps from the city to the spring, "the pool of Gibeon", and the remnants of the oldest wine industry known. 120 illustrations.

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POLITICAL PARTIES & IDEOLOGY

THE AMATEUR DEMOCRAT. By JAMES Q. WILSON. *University of Chicago Press. 378 pp. $6.95.*

Reviewed by ROBERT LEKACHMAN

WHAT SHOULD WE expect of our political parties? Would an ideal Democratic party be simply an enlargement to national size of New York City's Village Independent Democrats or their reform neighbors farther uptown? Such a party would presumably combine the Manhattan reformer's fierce passion for internal party democracy, public discussion of candidates, and reform of political machines, with his equally intent sympathy for liberal social and economic programs. The reformer is committed to the belief that both his party and his nation benefit from the engagement of large numbers of men and women in the affairs of their local organizations. In the minds of Manhattan's reform Democrats and their analogues in California and Illinois both major parties will benefit also from a higher level of ideological commitment and we will elect better Congressmen, Senators, and Presidents when neither party can rely on personality and patronage to win elections. Thus, the political destruction of the DeSapios and the Buckleys, and the dismantling of their machines, are properly viewed as instrumental rather than ultimate objectives. The ultimate objectives include a more alert public judgment of issues, a more committed set of public officials, and a genuine distinction of program between the two major parties. Presumably it is this sort of thing that New York's reform Democrats have in mind when they snatch a moment's thought between the almost incessant primary campaigns which have dominated their short history.

Now it has been only by the accident of catastrophe—Civil War or Great Depression—that actual American political parties have demonstrated any taste for ideology. The usual fate of the solemn platforms which the two parties construct for Presidential campaigns points to the preferred treatment by Democrats and Republicans alike of abstract national goals. Obviously the operators of such parties cherish a model of the political party which substantially differs from the reformer's ideal. What the regular knows in his bones is that issues divide party workers and self-interest binds them to their leaders. In fact, the regular's conception of the ideal political club echoes a military organization more nearly than it does a town meeting. During primaries and elections, the leaders of regular clubs can deploy squadrons of efficient captains, canvassers, and poll watchers, each one kept loyal to his leader by a well-articulated system of rewards and punishments. The party worker obeys his leader either out of hope of winning a patronage reward or out of fear of losing one that he already possesses. The patronage job is the indispensable cement of the political edifice. And, argues the regular and the political scientist, the cash nexus which links subordinates and leaders is much stronger than the joys of intellectual debate and the rewards of unpaid club office which are the reform substitutes for tangible cash. The regular club can work peacefully for all the party's candidates because it cares nothing about the candidates' opinions and a great deal about the patronage rewards which might flow from the election of the party's slate.

What choice do such parties offer the voters in a general election? Basically, the citizen participates in a personality contest: the candidate with the more attractive personality and the more efficient machinery to project it will win the office. But, maintains the sophisticated regular, this result is all for the best. Once in office an official is comparatively free to adjust his policies to the emergencies which confront him and to the group interests which play upon him. He is hampered neither by allegiance to a coherent program nor by the consciousness that censorious groups of his fellow Democrats or his fellow Republicans are ceaselessly comparing his actions to his promises. A mass electorate is in fact equipped to do nothing more than select persons. It lacks the qualifications to judge the issues. Normal party politics operates on this implicit premise.

JAMES WILSON'S analysis of reform politics in Manhattan, California, and Illinois focuses upon these two rival theories of political organization. Unfortunately much of

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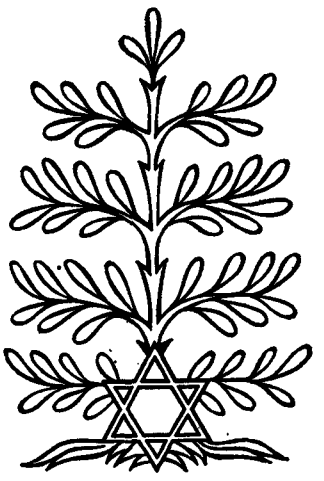
the argument's interest is diminished because Mr. Wilson has chopped his story up into analytical segments and concealed under the cloak of anonymity the vivid personalities of his characters. Although the insider will enjoy guessing who said what, most readers will be puzzled rather than entertained. Both of Mr. Wilson's decisions tend to undervalue the significance of personality in the comparative success of reform in New York. How did it happen, for example, that Manhattan's first reform Congressman, William Fitts Ryan, is an Irish Catholic when Mr. Wilson's analysis so conclusively proves that he actually ought to be a middle-class Jewish attorney? Nor is it easy to keep chronological sequences straight in Mr. Wilson's story.

All the same there is much to be said for Mr. Wilson's performance, not least admiration for his bravery in mounting his safari while the animals are still roaring in the political jungle. And, although he does maintain his standing among social scientists by occasional lapses into the jargon of organization theory, much of the time he writes neatly and in the concluding pages he approaches genuine eloquence. It is not anticlimactic to add that he appears to have got rather little wrong in his account of internal club rivalries and competing reform tactics, at least in Manhattan. No one should underestimate the magnitude of this achievement.

In fact, my major quarrel is less with Mr. Wilson than with a tendency in contemporary social science which his investigation illustrates. This is the propensity to search for equilibria among economic quantities and functional justifications for existing social and political institutions. Thus political patronage, authoritarian party leadership, and scorn of ideology may all offend in the abstract, but, the political scientist is prone to warn, haven't American politics been a success? Will not the sudden injection of internal party democracy and militant programmatic liberalism derange the delicate chemical balances of institutional compromise which has made that success possible? Won't we be worse off rather than better for tampering with our hallowed political arrangements?

Now the special danger of Mr. Wilson's advocacy of this line of argument is the



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temptation to linger admiringly over intricate political devices and to ignore the larger fact that the politics of personality and self-interest are not serving contemporary America very well. The evidence is to be found at every governmental level. Like other large cities, New York has been unable to cope with the basic problems of housing and education, much less to offer its citizens a city suitable for human beings. What has Tammany ever done for Harlem? How have the regulars taken into account, as the mythology of interest politics insists they must, the interests of this deprived group of voters? As Adam Clayton Powell and J. Raymond Jones have repeatedly complained, Tammany has never given Harlem as much as its fair share of patronage. The politics of regularity have produced state legislatures in which Democratic oppositions deal with their Republican opposite numbers instead of attacking them. Alike in incidents such as the Lane-Carlino squabble and Congressional redistricting, regular Democrats covertly cooperate with Republicans in order to discipline the more aggressive of their own number. Nationally, a Congress which has been elected according to the rules of the political scientists, lovingly cherishes every special interest from A.T.&T. to the A.M.A. If it nerves itself to modernize our tariff policies, it will have surpassed itself.

No doubt the politics of ideology has many drawbacks and no man can sensibly say that an infusion of democracy into our parties and principle into our officials will resolve all our national, state, and local problems. But it is exceedingly difficult to envision how such a transformation could make our parties function less well or adjust more slowly to the necessities of their constituents.

SOME RECENT JEWISH BOOKS

SCHOCKEN PAPERBACKS

In the past year or two paperback reprints of many first-rate books have been published. I shall list here some of Schocken Books' paperbacks, and in subsequent issues those of other publishers.

The Essence of Judaism, by Leo Baeck (287 pp., $1.85).

A classic by a towering figure of the Indian summer of German Jewry. In one of his many characters, Baeck was a liberal theologian with a sensitive appreciation of tradition, and this book is equally just to liberal and traditionalist Jewish thought. It was originally undertaken, in part, as an apologetic—i.e., polemical—response to Harnack's famous *What Is Christianity* (in German, *The Essence of Christianity*), which has a strong anti-Jewish bias. I suspect that Baeck's book will still be read for its intrinsic merit when Harnack's is read as an example of a certain mode of liberal Protestant thought at a given time in European, especially German, history.

Tales of the Hasidim, by Martin Buber. Vol. I: *The Early Masters;* Vol. II: *The Later Masters* (355 and 352 pp., each $1.65); and *Ten Rungs: Hasidic Sayings,* by Martin Buber (127 pp., $.95).

Whatever else anyone may wish to know about Hasidism, he should at least have read these collections, bearing Buber's unmistakable stamp.

A Jewish Reader: In Time and Eternity, edited by Nahum N. Glatzer (253 pp., $1.65).

This might be described as an anthology of the Jewish spirit. I am very fond of it.

The Ethics of the Talmud: Sayings of the Fathers, edited by R. Travers Herford (177 pp., $1.75).

Pirke Avot translated and presented by an English Unitarian contemporary of Harnack's, but one who differed from him—and from most of his own fellow Unitarians?—in seeing through the hostile Early Christian propaganda that succeeded in making "Pharisee" synonymous with "hypocrite" for Christians during all the centuries since

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then—and for many modern Jews as well.

Franz Rosenzweig: His Life and Thought, presented by Nahum N. Glatzer (400 pp., $2.95).

Rosenzweig, another great figure of Weimar German Jewry, is the most original Jewish theologian of modern times. Americans may find some of his thought too hard to understand, or perhaps too rooted in German culture and philosophy (I do), but they will have no difficulty about his life. Part of this book is a moving biography.

A History of the Jews, by Cecil Roth (440 pp., $1.95).

Still one of the best one-volume Jewish histories for the general reader.

Guide to Jewish Holy Days: History and Observance, by Hayyim Schauss (320 pp., $1.75).

Schauss, who wrote in Yiddish, combines modern Bible scholarship, comparative religion, rabbinics, folklore, and a knowledge of the life, faith, and practice of East European Jewry two generations ago in this excellent book.

Major Trends in Jewish Mysticism, by Gershom G. Scholem (456 pp., $2.25).

The great work which has done more than anything else to overthrow the 19th-century German-Litvak interpretation of the Jewish tradition—though the interpretation is still with us, Jews being uncommonly attached to their cultural lags. One of the most intellectually exciting books I have ever read.

A History of the Jewish People in the Time of Jesus, by Emil Schürer (428 pp., $2.25).

By another German Protestant of the years before World War I. Any contemporary treatment of the subject is bound to refer over and over again to Schürer's work. This edition omits the most dated—and to Jews, offensive—part, a critique of Jewish religion in the time of Jesus marred by the conventional Christian bias.

Life Is with People, by Mark Zborowski and Elizabeth Herzog (452 pp., $2.25).

Still, despite some tendency to prettify, the best book of scholarship to read if one wants to think and imagine one's self into the life of the destroyed East European

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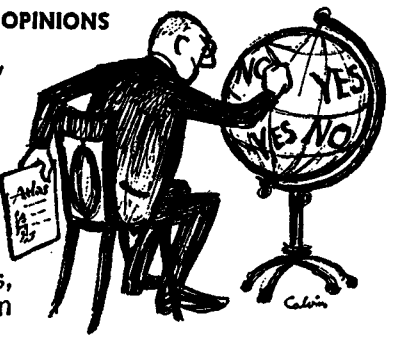

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Jewish *shtetl* (hamlet, small town)— its people, values, and behavior. Not a bad prolegomenon to an understanding of the descendants of the *shtetl* Jews on this side of the ocean, either. Nearly everyone I know who has read the book has grumbled about not being told about it before.

Other Books

An Anthology of Medieval Hebrew Literature, edited by Abraham E. Millgram (Abelard-Schuman, 370 pp., $7.50).

A useful and instructive sampling, including poetry from the Spanish Golden Age, prayers, philosophy and theology, ethics, mysticism, law, history, travel, and folklore. For understandable reasons, the technical legal literature is not represented, but it should have been possible to give extracts from the Bible commentaries. The English translations of the poetry—by Israel Zangwill and other late Victorians—are as unsatisfactorily florid, stilted, and archaizing as the translations from Greek done in that generation. Now Greek poetry is being retranslated for us by some of the best scholar-poets of our time, while Ibn Gabirol and Judah Ha-levi still await their Lattimores.

Guide to Jewish History under Nazi Impact, by Jacob Robinson and Philip Friedman (Yad wa-Shem and YIVO, 425 pp., $15).

An annotated catalogue with more than 3,800 entries, in 24 languages, and almost 100 pages of indexes.

Illustrated World of the Bible Library, edited by Michael Avi-Yonah and others. Vol. I: *The Law,* 303 pp.; Vol. II: *Former Prophets,* 303 pp.; Vol. III: *Latter Prophets,* 303 pp.; Vol. IV: *The Writings,* 296 pp. (McGraw-Hill, $80).

The price may be too high for most individual buyers, but certainly every synagogue, school, and center library should have this set. It is a kind of illustrated Bible commentary, prepared mostly by Hebrew University scholars in the biblical and related fields, and is as remarkable for its beauty as for its scholarship. Photographs of art and artifacts, landscapes and people in the ancient and modern Near East, mostly in color, are accompanied by text. Together they illuminate and help us to understand the world of living beings, things, and culture in which the Bible is set and which it presupposes. The best thing of its kind I have seen. There is an optional fifth volume, on the New Testament, for $20 more.

The American Jew in Search of Himself, by Richard C. Hertz (Bloch, 209 pp., $3.75).

A popular presentation, by a Detroit rabbi, of a centrist Reform position on theology, ritual, tradition, the Jewish people and Jewish survival, Israel, democracy, the Jews in America, and relations with Christianity. It is respectful of such diverse non-Reform thinkers as Mordecai Kaplan, Abraham Heschel, Will Herberg, and the late Milton Steinberg.

—Milton Himmelfarb

Book Reviewers in this Issue

Richard Schickel's new book, *The Stars,* is out this month, under the imprint of Dial Press.

Roger Owen is educational adviser to the BBC School Broadcasting Department in Nottingham.

Harris Dienstfrey is a former associate editor of Commentary.

Robert Lekachman, associate professor of economics at Barnard College, contributed the article on "How We Beat the Machine" to our April 1958 number.

Milton Himmelfarb, one of our contributing editors, appeared last month with "Yom Kippur in Nineveh."

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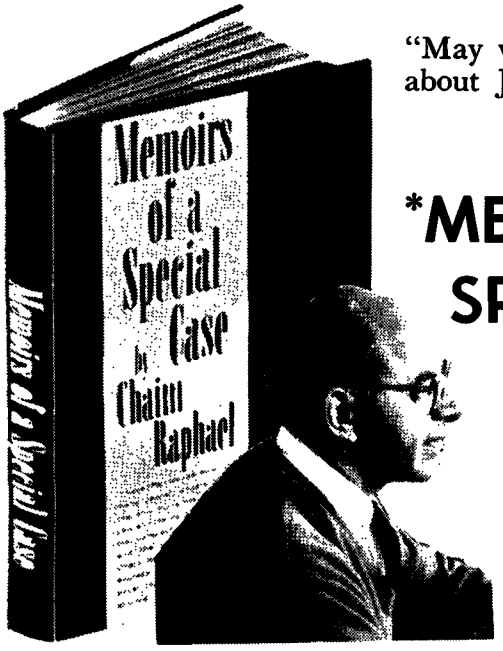

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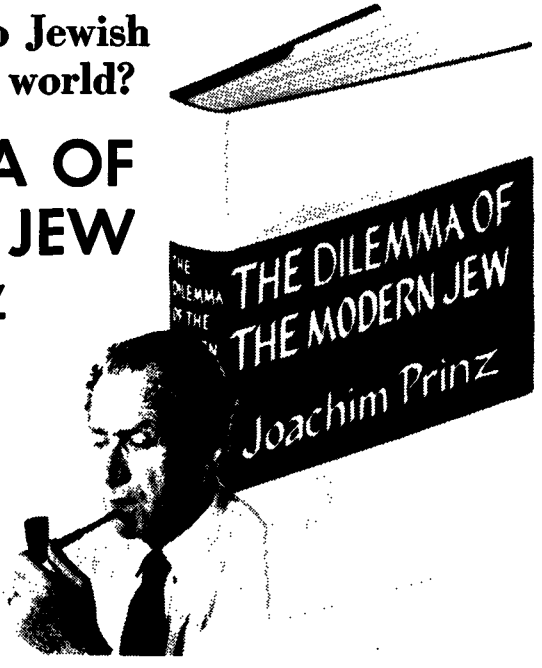

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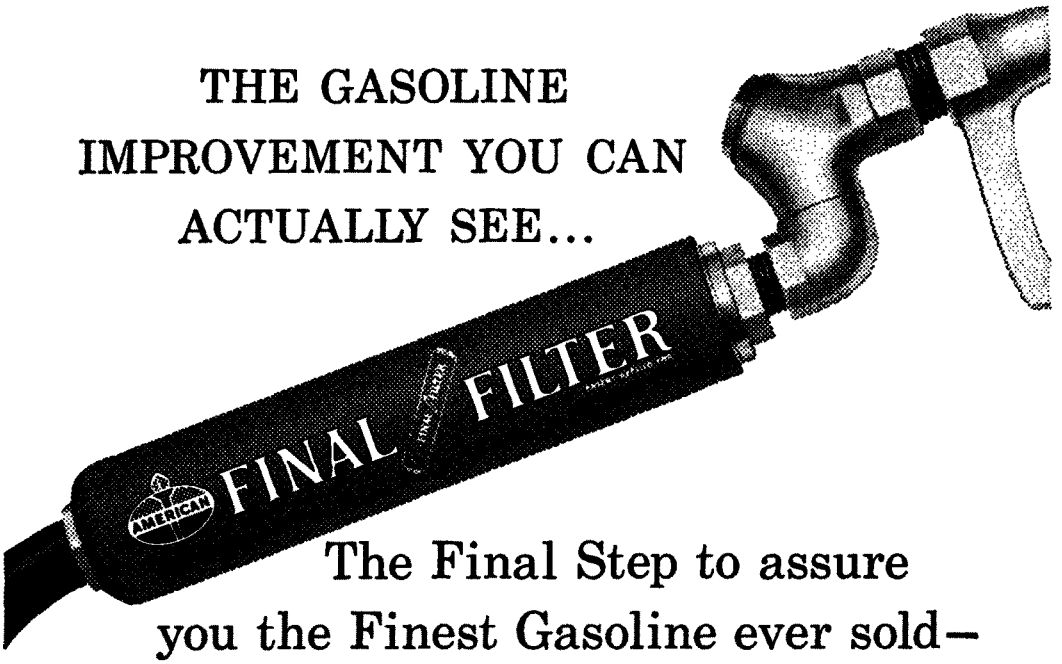

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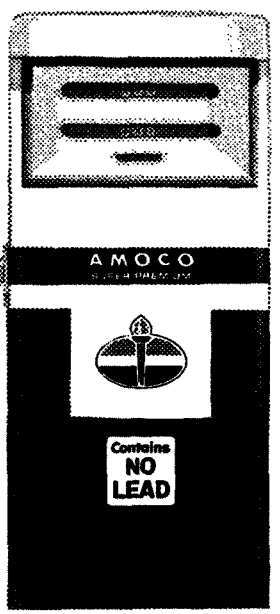

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